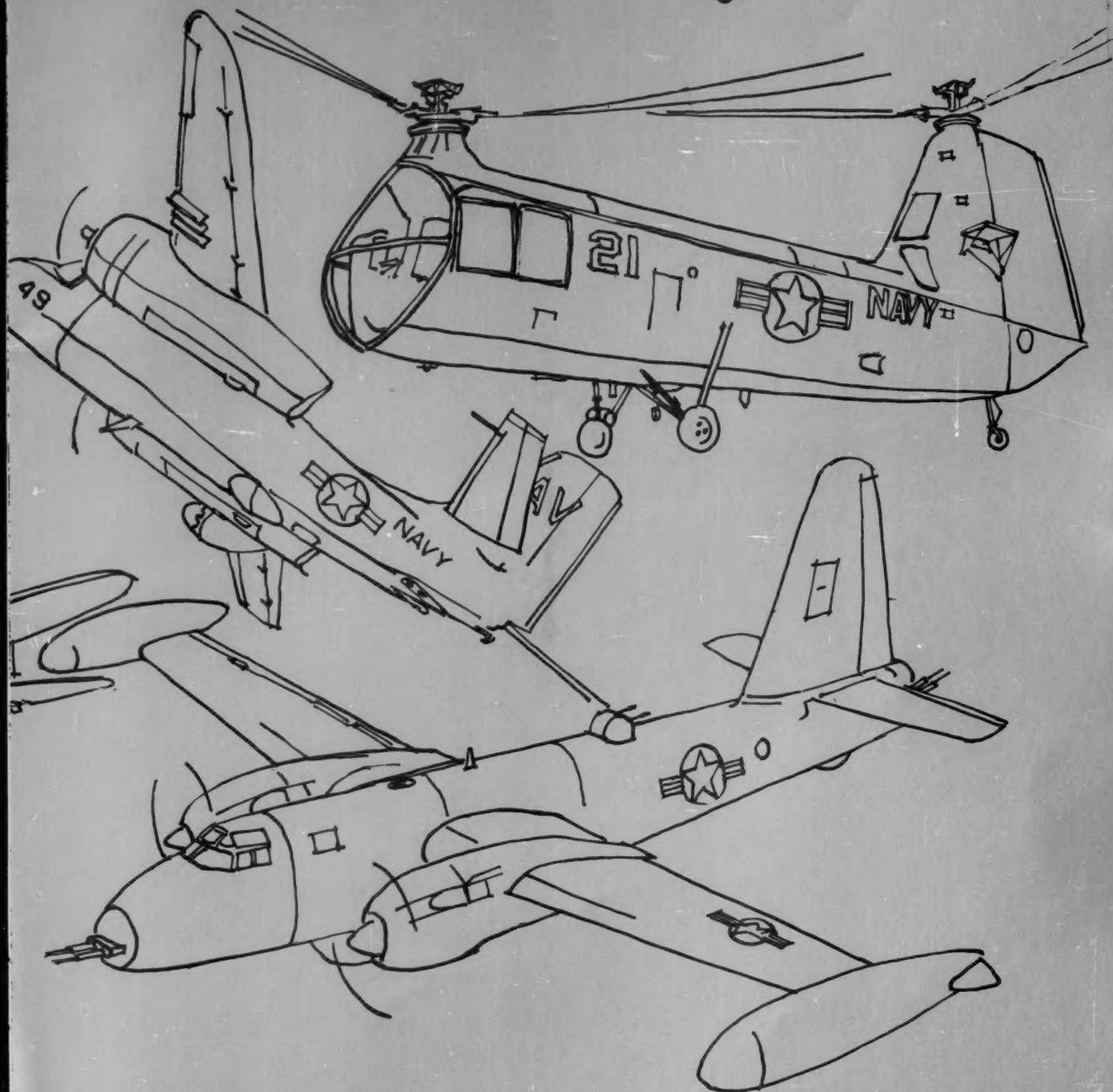


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JULY 1980 THE NAVAL AVIATION SAFETY REVIEW



Anniversary Issue

About This Issue

THIS 25th Anniversary Issue of APPROACH is a radical departure from our regular monthly offering. It begins with a look at some of the people that founded APPROACH, and a review of several individuals that devoted years to its development. Next comes a compilation of thoughts on naval aviation safety from our bosses and yours – DCNO (Air Warfare), Deputy Chief of Staff for Aviation (USMC), COMNAVAIRSYSCOM (recently retired), COMNAVAIRPAC, and COMNAV-AIRLANT.

The remainder of the magazine consists of some of the more humorous pieces that have appeared in the pages of APPROACH over the years. Even by increasing this issue to 48 pages, it proved impossible to do justice to 25 years worth of various creative talents. What is offered here is but a smattering.

This selection of past material is by no means intended to be “the best of APPROACH.” In terms of mishap prevention, the “best” would undoubtedly be the more serious, technical material, but this would not have made very enjoyable reading now, and would have been even more difficult to select. We excluded our friend, *Anymouse*, in order to make more room for pieces most of you have never seen; he’ll be back next month, as always.

Many hours of work by many people went into this anniversary issue, but it would not have been possible without the special assistance and contributions of the following individuals: CAPT Ted Wilbur, CAPT Bud Oliver, USN (Ret.), CDR Bob Brewer, USN (Ret.), LCDR “Chick” Eldridge, USN (Ret.), and Ms. Ciel Kabler (daughter of the late John Kiriluk). We offer them our sincerest gratitude.

We sincerely hope you enjoy this 25th Anniversary celebration of APPROACH.



Vol. 26 No. 1

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The composite drawing of the HUP, S2F, P2V, SNJ, F4D, R4D, and AD on this special 25th anniversary cover was done by APPROACH artist Blake Rader.

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The Birthing & Raising of APPROACH

By LT Dale Smith, Editor



(l to r) CDR Bill Scarborough, CDR "Bud" Oliver, and LT "Chick" Eldridge review contents of first APPROACH.

IN July 1955, naval aviation was presented with a brand new baby — APPROACH: The Naval Aviation Safety Review. This baby was the result of the hard work of a dedicated and zealous group of naval aviators and civil service personnel. Like most children, APPROACH has grown and changed over its 25 years of existence. It has suffered growing pains, occasionally faltered and wavered, and has even endured attempts on its very life. But regardless of what it is now or has been through the years, it owes its long-lasting success to those that gave it life. The concepts, editorial philosophy, and dedication of the *founding fathers* of APPROACH have truly held up to the test of time.

With the above thoughts in mind, the current staff of APPROACH contacted a few of the original *key players* of that first issue and asked for their reflections on those early days of the magazine. What follows is a condensation of what we received and should give you a good idea of why this *brainchild* has endured so well.

From CAPT F. W. "Bud" Oliver, USN (Ret.), Head, Literature Department at the time APPROACH was founded:

The impact of CAPT (later RADM) Jimmy Flatley's arrival stands out most vividly in my memory, because it was he that really put the Navy into the serious business of aircraft accident prevention. In essence, he said in his Flatley Report to CNO, "The Navy might be accused of going overboard in the safety business, but the truth of the matter is that the Navy hasn't even gotten its feet wet, yet" (or words to that effect). Taking a lead from the U. S. Air Force, one of his many recommendations called for the Navy to publish a first class safety magazine. That set the stage for the founding of APPROACH.

The WEEKLY SUMMARY was the first publication that we used to get the word out. (One week we recorded 58 accidents, at which time CDR Charlie Roemer (who was acting Assistant Director) said, "We can't print that; we'll be in big trouble.") Those were the days when every mishap was counted as a major or minor accident. The WEEKLY SUMMARY grew from a two-page (one page with printing on



LT Ted Wilbur works on a painting at his drawing table at the Naval Safety Center (circa 1958). Many of the illustrations in this issue were done by LT Wilbur in the early days of *APPROACH*.

both sides) issue to a 36-page publication. It truly became our learning project for the *APPROACH* that followed. Thanks to the outstanding cooperation of the local Government Printing Office (I believe they bootlegged the job for us), the fine artwork of Ted Wilbur and Dick Genders, and the layout of "Rab" Butler, we received wonderful response from all over the Navy.

Before leaving the gentlemen mentioned above, I should mention that when we got the unofficial approval to go with *APPROACH*, several months before the first issue, we really had no one onboard that had any professional experience in publishing a first class magazine, including yours truly! We approached CAPT Wes Byng, then Director of the Naval Aviation Safety Center, who gave us a sympathetic ear and said, "You find 'em and I'll get 'em." BUPERS helped with

some suggestions and we did the followup, with much success. Even though we had an excellent art staff in Ted Wilbur and Dick Genders, we had only one real good writer (actually, he proved to be an outstanding writer), LCDR Bob Brewer. After a thorough search, we finally landed two excellent journalists, Barrie Young and a Navy Chief Journalist, Jack LeBarron. But, strangely, all of us learned that we could write if the pressure was on. Among those pressed into the writing business was LT Richard A. "Chick" Eldridge. Our guiding light was CDR Bill Scarborough, then Assistant Director of the Center. Today, Bill Scarborough is a successful historical writer of no small renown.

The Crisis! After months of blood, sweat, and tears, we finally came up with the title (thanks to a "survey" that we ran through local fleet squadrons) – "The Approach." (I believe that "Rab" Butler actually came up with the title.) Shortly after submitting our recommendations to DCNO (Air Warfare), we received a telephone call from LCDR Andy Bright, our contact man in OP-05, informing us that ADM Reese didn't like the title. It was like a bombshell had hit! This fact was reported to CAPT Byng and he said, "Get the Beechcraft ready; we're going to Washington." After a short discussion in his typical persuasive manner, CAPT Byng got an agreement from ADM Reese that we could distribute the first issue and ask for recommendations from the fleet for a new title. (In all fairness to ADM Reese, he was not aware that we had already obtained suggestions from fleet personnel.) He felt that the publication was going to be aimed at fleet squadrons, and therefore, they should have something to say about the magazine and its title. The rest is history. We received no recommendations for changes in the title, "Rab" Butler cleaned up the cover to basically what it is today, and it's still going strong!

My assignment at the Safety Center, though frustrating at times, gave me more satisfaction than any that I have ever had. I guess it's because I was part of something devoted to saving lives. When I see a copy of *APPROACH* today, wherever it may be, I still feel that I'm part of it.

CAPT "Bud" Oliver left his billet at the Safety Center shortly after getting *APPROACH* on its feet and began a new phase of his career. He first went to VS-36 flying the S2F and then became project officer for the S2F at BuWeps. He later attended the Naval War College, was on the CARDIV-14 staff, was the safety coordinator for DCNO (Air Warfare), and retired from active duty at NAS Fallon, Nevada, where he was CO of the station. He then went to work for Grumman Aerospace, and later retired to his hometown of Pensacola, Florida.

Continued

Mr. A. Barrie Young, Jr. (left) was the editor of *APPROACH* from the first issue until October 1967.





(r to l) LCDR Robert Brewer, first Managing Editor of *APPROACH*, is relieved by LT William J. Thomas.

From CDR Robert P. Brewer, USN (Ret.), Managing Editor of *APPROACH* from the first issue through July 1957:

It was indeed a rare privilege to have been a part of the birthing of APPROACH. In retrospect, I believe that our initial warm acceptance resulted from an editorial philosophy (which we defended rather fiercely) that included: never talk down to an aviator, but speak cockpit-to-cockpit, sharing good dope; avoid "don'ts" and never forget, as we wrote of accidents and incidents, "There, but for the grace of God, go I"; seek to use a light treatment vice the heavy approach whenever possible — no one knows better than aviators the vulnerabilities inherent to the business, so don't lace the message with ominous threats.

Rarely have I encountered the dedicated zeal and zest displayed by the APPROACH team, and the same is true of the enthusiastic, unstinted support from the entire Naval Safety Center staff. And I know I speak for everyone associated with those beginnings in expressing the conviction that, as the horrendous accident rate was slowly pared down from our "3.5 in '55" goal, we were helping just a little. That goes also, and emphatically, for the magnificent contributions of the aircraft accident investigators who extracted and shared lessons in accident prevention from the debris of smoking holes. Their work was a constant reminder that, indeed, no accident is a complete loss if from it something can be gained to prevent another.

A final observation: naval aviators are unquestionably the finest professionals in the world, and moreover, the present crop is, as always, superior to their predecessors, and that is as it must be.

CDR Bob Brewer went on to several shipboard and staff tours, and was a speech writer and special assistant to the CNO in his final active duty tour. Upon retirement, CDR Brewer became the editor of *PROCEEDINGS* for 7 years and is currently Executive Director and Press Director of U.S. Naval Institute in Annapolis, Maryland.

In the kingdom of the birds

From CAPT E. Ted Wilbur, USN, Illustrator of *APPROACH* from the first issue through February 1958:

In 1955, the term "safety" was not especially popular in some quarters. There was a feeling that it could be achieved only at the expense of a certain glamor or razzle-dazzle we had come to associate with naval aviation. Hence, effort was made to present some of the lessons we published in APPROACH as "adventure" or "humor" stories, a guise to hopefully avoid negative waves. One of my jobs was to figure out a cast of characters for our fictionalized stories.

Now, straight illustration was one thing I could do, but being funny requires a finely-tuned talent few of us really have. When asked to try some cartoons, I knew I was in trouble. Fortunately, somewhere along the line I'd been taught: a naval aviator can do anything, and if he didn't know how to do something, he'd better find out how!

So, I bought a flock of comic books and began to study them. There must have been a dozen or more MAD magazines and so forth in the briefcase I always carried. The fear soon grew that one day the exposure of these might occur under



CAPT Ted Wilbur's painting of "The Chief" that turned out to be then Secretary of the Navy, Charles S. Thomas.

he parrot is the best talker and the worst flyer.

Orville Wright

circumstances sure to embarrass any dedicated junior officer.

One night I was struck broadside driving out Gate 4. My assailant had run a red light while engaged in a flap-doodle with his passengers (his ex-wife and her boyfriend). A sizable crowd accumulated around the mess of my roadster. Having narrowly escaped serious injury, my statement, "Boy, am I lucky," must have seemed fairly irrational. But it was one of the few times I didn't have the dreadful funny-book collection with me to be picked over. My top secret file was never compromised.

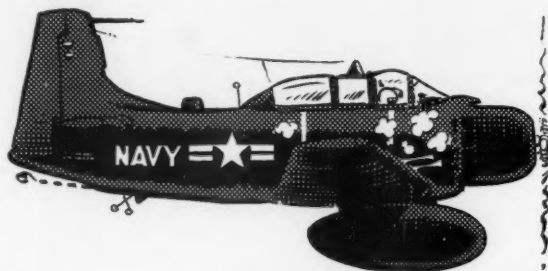
There were difficulties in creating characters to apply to our accident accounts. An artist needs models, and occasionally, staff members were used. Other times, when satire was employed, more recognizable faces were injected. I chose Kirk Douglas for LT Will Riskit; Burt Lancaster became the flight surgeon, Dr. Zip Suture; Robert Mitchum, Frank Sinatra, Gregory Peck, and so on were in there, too. I forgot who was used for "The Short, Happy Life of Francis Maclobber," but he didn't last long anyway.

Most of my reference material came out of popular magazines. One day I was searching for a face to use in a poster series dealing with maintenance procedures. The pitch was: "The CHIEF says..." followed by an apt remark. I hadn't gotten very far when one of the staffers brought over a photo of just the right kind of guy, a tough-looking chap in civilian clothes. No matter, I turned in a large rendition of the face topped by a chief's cap instead of the fedora, and everyone agreed it looked properly authoritative. Some of them were even sure they knew him! "Hey, that's what his name, my crew chief at Barbers Point!" or "Oh, yeah? That's so-and-so. Where did you know him?"

I pretty much forgot about the thing until it emerged on 16,000 poster sheets and an APPROACH cover — and the phone lines from Washington lit up. The model for my typical CPO turned out to be the then Secretary of the Navy!

Not long afterwards, I found myself on a plush blue carpet in the Pentagon, delivering my original painting to the "Chief of the Navy." He smiled and I mumbled something and then went back to a much safer job flying off pitching decks on dark, rainy nights.

CAPT Wilbur eventually found safe havens aboard a career total of 36 different carriers as an all-weather pilot with detachments from VC-4, VC-33, VX-3, and other squadrons. As a designated Navy Combat Artist he was also assigned to the *Vanguard* and *Polaris* projects. His paintings and articles have appeared in numerous publications, including TIME, TRUE, SATURDAY REVIEW, SMITHSONIAN, and NAVAL INSTITUTE PROCEEDINGS. He was the 1978 recipient of the Aviation Space Writers Association national award for conceptual design and management of the Sea/Air Operations gallery of the National Air and Space Museum. He



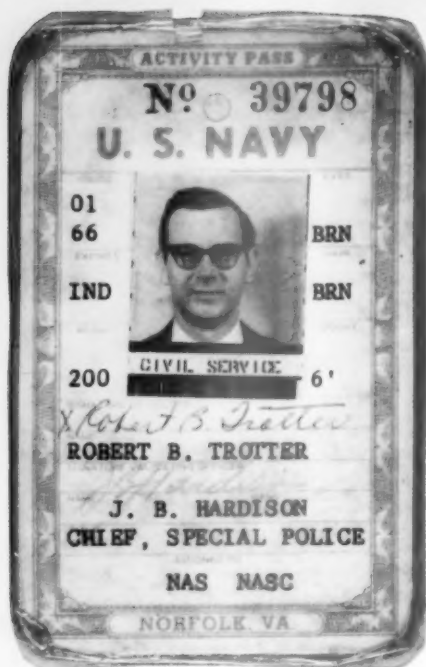
is currently Head, Aviation Periodicals and History for DCNO (Air Warfare), serving as executive editor of NAVAL AVIATION NEWS.

Mr. A. Barrie Young, Jr. was the first editor of APPROACH, a position he held until October 1967. Mr. Young kept the creative energy of the staff on track and assured that a complete magazine was delivered, on time, to the printers each month for over 12 years.

Another name appearing on that first masthead of APPROACH is worthy of mention here — Mr. John Charles Kiriluk. Mr. Kiriluk began his writing career while on active duty by serving as the editor of the FASRon-3 newspaper, the NAS Norfolk Dope Sheet, and the USS CORAL SEA newspaper. He entered civil service and joined the Safety Center staff upon his retirement as a Chief Aviation Machinist Mate in April 1955. Mr. Kiriluk was the Maintenance Editor of APPROACH from its birth until his death in June 1969.



Mr. John Kiriluk, Maintenance Editor of APPROACH from its inception to June 1969, selects copy for one of the early issues.



Robert Trotter, the art director of APPROACH. (At least this was how he looked in 1966.)

- 6 He is best remembered for his adaptation of "Murphy's Law" to naval aviation. This became a monthly feature of APPROACH and received wide recognition throughout the aviation industry. He was also instrumental in founding MECH Magazine.

There was a LT R. A. "Chick" Eldridge on that first masthead of APPROACH, as well. If you'll look at your latest WEEKLY SUMMARY, you'll see that name listed as writer/editor. Mr. Eldridge had two active duty tours working as a writer for APPROACH. After retiring as a lieutenant commander, Mr. Eldridge eventually returned to the Safety Center in March 1970 as a contributing writer of APPROACH and the editor of WEEKLY SUMMARY.


Amongst all the comings and goings of the active duty department heads and editors of APPROACH over the last 25 years, a relatively small group of civil service personnel

has maintained the quality and continuity of the magazine. The "old master" of this group is, without question, Mr. Robert Trotter, the art director of APPROACH. Bob joined APPROACH in December 1955 as an illustrator, advanced rapidly to art director, and has ensured the timely production of the magazine ever since.

Mr. Trotter has been ably assisted by many artists over the years, but none of these has exceeded Mr. Blake Rader in either quality or quantity of work done. Blake began his career at APPROACH with the OCT '61 issue, and has painted the vast majority of covers since that time. Mr. Rader's original painting of the F-14 Tomcat for the MAR '80 APPROACH cover was recently selected for display in the library of the National Air and Space Museum.

The editorial content of APPROACH has been produced by a cadre of professionals over its 25-year life. Although it is impossible to mention all of them here, I would be remiss if I failed to acknowledge the following: CAPT Carter B. Weisiger, USN (Ret.), Helo Writer from MAY '68 - present; Ms. Julia Bristow, Life Sciences Writer from SEP '58 - JAN '76; LT William E. Cumble, USN (Ret.), Fixed-wing Writer from MAR '68 - JAN '76; LT Russ L. Marcoux, USN (Ret.), Maintenance Editor from JUN '70 - AUG '76 (Mr. Marcoux is currently editor of MECH); and Ms. Catherine Wizeck, Editorial Assistant from FEB '74 - present.

As previously stated, the above names are by no means an all-inclusive list of individuals that have been important in the birthing and raising of APPROACH. Despite all the work of all these people, the magazine would not be, and never would have been, a success without the constant support and excellent contributions from you, our readers. Because APPROACH does thrive on the material you contribute, and is in fact **your** magazine, it seems only fair to tell you that APPROACH won a rather prestigious award last year. In October 1979, the *Flight Safety Foundation* (an international cooperative of the aerospace industry dedicated to the improvement of aviation safety) honored APPROACH with a publication award for the period October 1978 - October 1979. Your contributions to APPROACH are not only benefitting the naval aviation community, but the aviation industry as a whole.

It was only through your continued interest and support that APPROACH reached its 25th birthday. With more of the same, it should be around for another 25 years. 



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A Message on Aviation Safety

By VADM W. L. McDonald
Deputy Chief of Naval Operations
(Air Warfare)

RECENTLY, I was reading a rather humorous piece of paper that dealt with regulations. The title was "Regulations for Operation of Aircraft," written in 1920 before most of the readership of this magazine were born. While there were 25 regulations listed, I will quote only a few:

- Don't take a machine into the air unless you are satisfied it will fly.
- Never leave the ground with the motor leaking.
- No machine must taxi faster than a man can walk.
- Hedge hopping will not be tolerated.
- No spins on back or tail slides will be indulged in as they unnecessarily strain the machines.
- Don't attempt to force machine onto ground with more than flying speed. The result is bouncing and ricocheting.
- Never take a machine into the air until you are familiar with its controls and instruments.
- If an emergency occurs while flying, land as soon as possible.

Now, all of these are straightforward and sound like good common sense.

After getting a chuckle from the regulations, I sat back and reflected about what I had observed in my capacity as DCNO (Air Warfare) for the past year. It was encouraging to note that in CY-79 our accident rate was only .01 percent higher than the alltime low. It was also encouraging that the number of fatalities and aircraft destroyed were down significantly. But, it was extremely distressing to realize that approximately 50 percent of our accidents were caused by pilot error, and in some cases, by

the lack of just plain common sense.

The regulations and policies we fly by today are not appreciably different from those which applied back in 1920. The current guidance may be peppered with a lot of acronyms and technical jargon, but the physical laws of flight and common sense have not changed at all. Planes still run out of flying speed for the same reasons, and what was a **Delta Sierra** then is still a **Delta Sierra**. However, due to the capabilities of the machines we fly today, the margin for error both in the air and on the ground has been significantly trimmed. Accidents which would have drawn no more than a shake of the head in 1920 can spell disaster today, as has been so vividly demonstrated on too many occasions.

Frequently, the margin for error is eroded by actions which are in our power to control — inadequate crew rest, hurried weather briefs, poor planning for a possible BINGO, hurried preflights, complacency, poor supervision, and the ultimate unprofessionalism — blatant disregard of the regulations. We all know the litany of the causal factors of accidents. Save your margin of error for the time you need it — the truly unpredictable.

At the beginning of CY-80, I set an accident rate of .55 per 10,000 flight-hours as our goal. I am convinced that, with an all-out effort by all flight personnel, and the inherent professionalism imbued in all aviators and ground personnel, we can achieve this goal. A few years ago, I remember reading a very true statement in **APPROACH** magazine: "Aviators should have seven senses:

Touch,
Taste,
Smell,
Sight,
Hearing,
Horse,
and COMMON."

Comment from the Corps

By LtGen W. J. White, USMC
Deputy Chief of Staff for Aviation

Dear Fellow Aviators:

While scanning some old copies of **APPROACH** recently, one particular page in the AUG '69 issue caught my eye. It was a proposal that naval aviation adopt a new safety slogan based on the old slogan "3.5 in '55." The new slogan, then being suggested by the **APPROACH** editor, was "One Point Oh In Seven Oh" (1.0 in '70).

That was over 10 years ago, and as the ad says, "We've come a long way, Baby." The overall naval aviation accident rate has been driven down past the 1.0 mark and has been hovering around .66 for the past 5 years. Good, but nowadays it's not good enough. Why? Because right now both the Navy and the Marine Corps are losing more aircraft than can be procured. My message to you is simple — we must find better methods and even a new approach, if necessary, to reduce the current rate.

I don't think I need to remind the readers of this magazine that we all assumed the collateral duty of Aviation Safety Officers when we pinned on the *wings of gold*. It seems fitting to tell you, on this 25th anniversary of **APPROACH**, that we can, and must, lower the accident rate, especially in these days when flightcrews and aircraft come so dear and are so important to the future well-being of our country.

Perhaps another slogan can contribute to renew our efforts over the next decade. They seem to have helped in 1955 and again in 1970 by catching our attention and focusing it on safety. Here's my suggestion: "Half the rate by '88." I'm sure you have a better one — let's hear it.

Continued

Cutting Our Losses

By VADM Forrest S. Petersen
USN (Ret.)

NAVAL aviation has come a long way in the past 35 years, and it has been my privilege to witness a good deal of it. As the former commander of Naval Air Systems Command, I became acutely aware of all the material deficiencies in today's flying Navy. However, as it was when I entered the service, I can still see the same willingness to do the plain hard work it takes to overcome those deficiencies and keep our aircraft operating.

As we all know, there has always been a big problem with *mishap prevention*. It's not like we're not trying, it's just that, in naval aviation, the scope of our business is extremely large and complicated. Happily, the evidence indicates that as of last year we were gaining on this problem and the Navy is handling its aviation tasks better and safer. The statistics show that we are reducing our major accident rate and decreasing total yearly accidents. But, I am disturbed that we are still losing aircraft nearly at a one-for-one rate as compared with the number of new aircraft the Navy buys. Also, the percentage of pilot error (50 percent), material failure (25 percent), and other causal factors (25 percent) have remained relatively constant.

How can we break loose from the statistics and reduce these problems faster than we are now?

If unlimited funds were available, the Navy could probably design equipment that would counter almost all human error and material failure. Unfortunately, cost does count, and to make machines like that would be unrealistic. In the face of today's economic conditions, it is time to shoot for more practical, reliable, and maintainable designs. Therefore, to achieve safe and reliable operations, we must revitalize some of the concepts that operators in the Fleet

have developed and standardized over the years. We've got the tools right now; it's just that they are a bit unused. It is difficult to conceive of more effective programs to ensure safety than what is presently available for FOD prevention, oil analysis, fuel monitoring, hydraulic contamination, phased maintenance, and quality assurance plans. If we included the NAVAIR System Safety Program in our combined efforts, it covers a lot of that which can be done to monitor and enhance overall reliability and safety. We just have to make it work for us. NAVAIRSYSCOM will continue to strive to improve upon its own efforts toward Fleet support.

In view of this, let me share some more thoughts which might help naval aviation achieve better mishap prevention at the unit level.

We all know that every commanding officer learns just about everything there is to know about NATOPS, Flight Training Instructions, and the pilot's bible, OPNAVINST 3710.7. This is as it should be. But, how many COs are on equal terms with the aircraft maintenance bible, OPNAVINST 4790.2B? It is fundamentally important to mishap prevention that Fleet COs fully manage this part of their unit because it encompasses 90 percent of their manpower and 100 percent of their equipment. To this end, it is a wise idea to review the quality assurance discussions in each of the three volumes that cover maintenance organizations and responsibilities. Proper management of this part of aircraft maintenance can possibly prevent embarrassing incident reports and maybe save a valuable aircraft, or even the life of a friend.

Along these same lines, I think it is good to inquire about the training and qualifications of the people who certify "safe for flight" on the yellow sheet. Definite policy regarding expectations will tighten the screws on the quality of aircraft provided for pilots. Also, there is OPNAV's new Subsystem Capability and Impact Reporting instruction. This document provides a handy checklist of minimum requirements for operating

systems prior to release for flight. It is a good idea to use this publication as a dual-purpose document for better safety and operational readiness.

Another thing that can help reduce instances of aircraft mishaps is the prompt incorporation of technical directive changes (Airframe Changes, Powerplant Changes, etc.). If the technical system breaks down and we don't get approved change kits to the Fleet promptly, the NAVAIRSYSCOM safety officer (AIR-09E) wants to hear from you. It's discouraging to see large amounts of money being spent for aircraft improvement changes and then read in an aircraft accident report that a Technical Directive Compliance was unknown and unincorporated. Safety category designated changes are **top priority** for funding and procurement. These changes are highly recommended for prompt use. They can do us no good unless a special, dedicated effort is made to get them in our aircraft.

The things I just outlined are methods that can help us improve. In the coming year, I also hope that Fleet operators will take a fresh look at some of these programs and procedures. For instance, because engine failure is our number one causal factor in material failures, perhaps the commercial airline approach towards usage is required. It may not be necessary always to climb at military power. A reevaluation of high cyclic usage of throttles from idle to military stop may be in order. It may be advantageous to climb out on routine missions at maximum EGT minus 50 degrees versus maximum EGT. Also, the use of flight data recorders in increasing numbers of aircraft may be more appealing because of their value as a tool in accident investigation and quality assurance.

As we move into a new decade of naval aviation, I believe that by working closely together, NAVAIRSYSCOM and the Fleet operator can realistically reduce the material failure rate from the norm of 25 percent, down to a goal of 15 percent. If we can do this, the effort would translate itself into four or five lives and about

10 aircraft saved each year.

I put the challenge to you. By doing what we can today, it may help the pilots and sailors of tomorrow. You have an opportunity to set new standards of excellence. It's up to you to continue the tradition of those who have gone before you.

Good luck, and God bless you.

VADM Forrest S. Petersen retired from active duty on April 30, 1980 after serving as COMNAVAIRSYS-COM for 3½ years. VADM Ernest R. Seymour has assumed command from VADM Petersen. — Ed.

The "Golden Days"

By VADM G. E. R. Kinnear II
Commander Naval Air Force
U. S. Atlantic Fleet

CONGRATULATIONS on 25 years of contributions to the growth of safety and professionalism in naval aviation. Just as APPROACH magazine has come a long way, so has our perception of safety.

The "old hands" among us sit and reminisce about the good old days. In "olden days" when we equated the fun and thrill of doing "bold" things while airborne with the satisfaction and challenge of being a professional aviator. Those days are gone forever and, I might add, so are many of the original participants. No longer is it acceptable to "sight see" at low altitude, nor is it considered smart to be with your wingman at Angels 25 overhead the ship, waiting for a Charlie, and jump any pigeon that comes into view for a little hassle in the stack. Many would call those the "Golden Days." Not so! No more golden than now. The hazards associated with those flights of fun and thrills are no longer acceptable, but the real challenge and deep satisfaction then, as well as now, of flying a good wing position, making an "OK" pass, or having a 25-foot CEP are still there. Just as our aircraft have become far more capable, complex, and sophisticated, so have

our aircrews.

The safety program, likewise, has changed. A program that started with putting up posters and writing squadron SOPs has matured over the years to a complex one of safety surveys and loss control theories. APPROACH was in the forefront, developing ideas and techniques, and serving as a major communication vehicle that has seen us come from an accident rate of 3.82 in 1955 to today's rate of .75. I am certain that APPROACH will continue to advance the cause of professionalism, point out the areas of real challenge and true satisfaction, and help direct our safety effort to meet the new hazards of today and tomorrow.

Command Climate


By VADM R. F. Schoultz
Commander Naval Air Force
U.S. Pacific Fleet

SO much has been written about safety that it is doubtful that a completely new approach could be taken on the subject. Given this premise, I will only attempt to emphasize that aspect of safety which I consider most essential to an effective squadron safety program. This could come under any number of titles, but I choose to call it **command climate**. It is a product of the CO's involvement and leadership in safety matters. By example, word, and deed the CO will establish the degree of priority each member of the command will attach to safety. The crew will not be fooled for long by lip service. The first time the CO says the weather looks OK, launch ND 705 without the TACAN, the maintenance troops will know that the number of sorties launched has higher priority than safety of flight. The safety officer will be behind an eight ball from which the most dedicated efforts will not extricate him.

Consider the effect on JOs when they first observe the skipper putting his bird through some

maneuver specifically prohibited by directives just to satisfy some ego urge. Can he then expect more from anyone else? The latter is a pretty extreme case, but certainly not without precedent in the last year. Fortunately, most COs are very safety conscious and such obvious deviations are rare.

It is in the little everyday decisions that the CO must establish a consistent and aggressive attitude for sound safety practices. When every member of the squadron is convinced that the old man is really serious about safety, then, and only then, will a good safety program evolve. I cannot overemphasize how important it is to establish this **command climate** towards safe practices. The handful of men in the safety department, no matter how highly dedicated, cannot possibly oversee all aspects of squadron activities. Safety is the responsibility of every man in the squadron and it is the CO that must create a favorable climate for it.

That's all well and good, and a darned sight easier to put into words than it is to implement. I would be pretty naive to say that operational commitments do not at times work against safety. It is when the two meet head-on that the real mettle of the CO becomes apparent. He must be able to recognize that fine line of distinction between getting something done and doing it within safe parameters. Not only must he be able to recognize it, he must bring this to the attention of whomever is calling the shots, and present the matter clearly and firmly. This was not always done in my day, and the attitude of those running the show might not have been altogether receptive to this approach. Today, however, and especially in a peacetime training environment, I am confident that our commanders will support any reasonable recommendation made in the name of safety. Safety must be a constant adjunct to our daily operations if we are to protect our scarce assets and irreplaceable aircrews. 

Presented here is a free translation of a hieroglyphic-inscribed fragment of papyrus recently uncovered by archaeologists probing the secrets of a previously undiscovered tomb-vault bearing the symbol "BuSlaves—No Admittance Except to Authorized Pharaohs." The exact date of the writing is unknown, but the vault is believed to have been constructed during the dynasty of a little-known ruler named Comfairwestpacjap.

Cantedeck Tales

From FEB '56 APPROACH.



AND so it came to pass, as the fourth hour before dawn approached unto the land known as Chosen, a messenger goeth forth into the bunk room of the birdmen, and he speaketh unto each saying "Arise ye and don thy pooppy suit, and go ye to the briefing place, for the leader has decreed that it shall be thus."

The birdmen awakening, revile the messenger and cry out saying his mother was afrighted by an alarm clock salesman, that his

father knoweth him not. And they bestir themselves and seek out their socks and go forth to break bread, and one breaketh his hand on the bread.

Then did they gather together in the sanctums, known as briefing places, and their voices are hushed, for they are in the presence of their leader. And so it came to pass that apprentices did arise and speak unto them, telling of routes, altitudes and targets, for such is their manner of speaking. And at last the

leader ariseth and sayeth unto them, "Yea, verily, thou art indeed fortunate this day, for thine enemy is sorry put and does naught to oppose thee. Go ye forth and gird thyself for battle."

And the birdmen did whisper one to another, "Yea, this will indeed be a day of great tribulation for the leader retireth to his sack and goeth not amongst us."

The birdmen go to their iron birds and prepare their rituals. And some are sore beset by trembling and redness of the eyes, having par-



taken too freely of wine, and they seeketh out their friends and speak unto them saying "Yea, buddy of mine, have I not many times been a brother unto thee? Therefore wilt not thou take my place in battle this day, for I am indeed overtaken by illness?" And their friends answereth saying, "Thou soundest faint and I cannot hear thee."

And so they go forth and there ariseth a mighty clamor as the great birds soar into the air. And the birdmen proceed unto the land of darkness, even to

the doorway of the evil one called by name, Joe.

Then the skies become dark with mist and the birdmen stray one from another and do miss their turning points and are lost. And they find not their targets, and great is their trepidation. And the birdmen call out one to another saying, "Childplay One, come thou unto me, for I am set upon by bandits and my flame goeth out." And Childplay One replyeth, "Verily, thou shouldest drop dead, for my wings grow heavy with ice and the flak hath found me."

And some falleth into the land of darkness, while one and another scurryeth like mice, and salvoeth their bombs into the sea, and returneth home empty handed and shooketh.

And the leader gathereth them together and speaketh harshly to them of the bad show and of many practice missions and of frozen promotions, and giveth them h— in general. So be it.

As the ball bounceth, so goeth our fortunes, but the wise pilot controlleth the bounce with shrewd use of aviation safety english.
— (Old aviation proverb)



Herewith, in response to the number of requests (two by actual count), the APPROACH chronicles another episode in the fabulous career of LTJG Walter Smitty, Scourge of the Skies. Smitty's initial appearance was in the August 1955 issue. With proper apologies to James Thurber, creator of the original character, the reader is invited to participate in another "incident," the details of which are based on two actual Anymouse reports.

The return of WALTER SMITTY

13

From MAR '56 APPROACH.

LTJG Walter Smitty, aviator extraordinary, pilot's pilot, air adventurer, lounged against the coffee mess bar and listened indifferently to the ready-room chatter about him. As always, his lean, hawklike face was inscrutable, masklike. Idly his tapered fingers drummed in time with music from the radio nearby. Rocka-rola-rocka.

Across the readyroom, elbows nudged into ribs and furtive, respectful whispers marked the presence of Smitty the Sky Scourge.

"That's Walter Smitty," a lieutenant whispered to a newly reported ensign, "The one and *only* Walter Smitty. And believe me, one . . ." The rest of the sentence faded as

Smitty's steely glance flicked about the room.

"Who's Walter Smitty?" The newcomer, Ensign Peavey, was plainly unaware of the reputation of the Sky Scourge.

"Gad, man!" His companion regarded him with pity as he sought to correct this educational deficiency.

"Well," he began carefully, "You know who Lindbergh was, don't you? Did you ever hear of Rickenbacker? Well, now forget them and just try to imagine Jesse James playing Captain Video, and . . ." The lieutenant found the task too great and got down to cases.

"Do you know that Smitty once shot

off a tow banner?"

"So what's so amazing about that?" Peavey was still dubious.

"Nothing, stupid, except Smitty happened to be flying the tow plane at the time!"

Peavey gaped and stared with unabashed wonder at this marvel of military aviation. At the snack bar, Walter Smitty permitted the faintest of smiles to drift across his face. Abruptly he wheeled toward the door.

"Okay, you tigers!" his voice cracked vibrantly in the stirring language of airmen, "Launch 'em! Let's get that 'ol *Beechcraft* into the blue!"

The other pilots flinched slightly and, eyes averted, chewed vigorously on

their hamburgers.

Chompa-choppa-chomp.

"Well?" Smitty demanded, "Ain't nobody gonna go with me on this hop to pick up them spare parts at Jax?" The answering silence was mute tribute to the awe in which the Sky Scourge was held. Then the new ensign, Peavey, leaped to his feet.

"Sir, I'd like to go with you." And the young man was suddenly red-faced under the keenly appraising eyes that swept him. The ensign shuffled nervously under the penetrating glance that seemed to ferret out his innermost secrets.

"You a pilot?" With characteristic directness, Smitty's question drove straight to the heart of the matter.

"Yessir, designated 3 months past, sir."

Again the cool, hard look — weighing, testing, searching.

"Okay, let's go, son. A night cross-country'll do you real good."

And the two, master airman and apprentice pilot, strode into the night. In the readyroom, a long sigh from the other pilots marked their departure.

When airborne, Smitty turned the *Beechcraft* to a southerly heading and, as ENS Peavey watched in appreciative bewilderment, his hands moved knowingly over radio controls tuning in JAX omni. Clicka-screcha-squawk. Under Smitty's sure touch the little twin-engined plane bracketed easily between the Atlantic coastline and the Appalachian mountains. Bracka-brackayaw. Nearing Jax, Smitty disclosed further evidence of his legendary prowess as he bird-dogged in on NAS Jax's low frequency range.

Over the range station, the Great Pilot graciously allowed the delighted Peavey to assist.

"Which way's the field from here, son?"

The copilot gulped slightly but was ready with the answer.

"East, sir," and Peavey's heart quailed at the quick frown on Smitty's face. Then the Sky Scourge permitted another of rare smiles to be visible as his hawklike vision spied a field with

a well-lighted runway dead ahead.

"Never mind, son. Course inbound is 269 degrees. There's the field straight ahead." The copilot wagged his head, amazed. Egad! The man's skill confounded even the Radio Fac Charts! The RFC showed the inbound bearing to NAS Jax to be 089 degrees from their position! Peavey's heart swelled at the knowledge that he was flying with True Greatness.

On standard tower channel, Smitty requested landing instructions of Navy Jax and the acknowledgement came promptly. Landing Runway 27. Smitty descended into the pattern and began his normal approach, Vrooma-zooma-vroom.

Below, on Runway 27 at Navy Cecil Field, members of the crash crew glanced up from their task of removing a crippled Banshee fighter from where it had engaged the field arresting gear following a landing gear malfunction. The unidentified aircraft on downwind continued its approach, and Cecil tower began to call frantically to warn the airplane of men and equipment on the runway. UHF, VHF, and Guard frequencies gained no response. Two signal lights then speared their red warning beams at the Beech. The crash crew scrambled to clear the runway.

In the *Beech*, Smitty unfolded another bit of flying lore to the admiring Peavey.

"Ya see lotsa diffrent kinds of lighting on these fields. That cluster of lights up there at the other end of the runway fr'instance. Some new kinda threshold or boundary markers, I reckon." The copilot bobbed his head in agreement, marveling anew at the uncanny depth perception of the Master Pilot.

The *Beech* touched down neatly, with lots of room to spare, and Smitty allowed the plane to roll out easily with deft touches of braking — Scruncha-screcha-scrunch. Nearing the end of the runway, the *Beech* jolted over the arresting gear anchor chain and Smitty spat a blistering remark about fouled-up air stations which permitted such a threat to runway operations. Peavey attempted unsuccessfully to imitate the

deep growl of the Sky Scourge and, failing, curled his lip scornfully at this sad-sack air station.

Now, as the *Beech* threaded its way towards the turnoff, shadowy figures on either side scurried madly for cover. Pat-a-patta-pat. Smitty's contempt increased.

"Wish they'd knock off that blasted red light blinking over there by the tower — danged thing might confuse an inexperienced pilot. Wait'll I get into operations, I'll tell those characters off."

Peavey nodded firmly, resolving to make a few remarks of his own, say to a line crewman, or even a chief, maybe. He glanced approvingly at Smitty and tried to compress his lips into the same bitter line that creased the mouth of the Great Man.

At Navy Jax, a tower operator peered again into the darkness around the field, and seeing nothing, continued to call the *Beechcraft*. Some 12 miles west, the Cecil Field operations officer strode the floor in purple-faced wrath as he awaited the arrival of the pilot of the airplane which, unannounced, had just narrowly missed piling into the runway crash equipment.

The operations office door swung open, and a lean, hawkfaced pilot strolled in, cigarette drooping from the corner of his mouth, and flicked a negligent glance about the room. Tossing a flight plan towards the duty officer, Smitty yawned broadly and draped himself with unconscious grace over the counter, smoke curling lazily past half-lidded eyes.

"How ya, pal," the Sky Scourge's steely stare was only half-veiled, "Crummy sort of a outfit you folks run here . . ."

Across the field, the crash crew paused in their task as a sudden outburst of sound erupted from the vicinity of the operations building. Powa-powa-yeow.

The driver of the cherry picker squinted towards the source of uproar, flinching as the noise increased in volume.

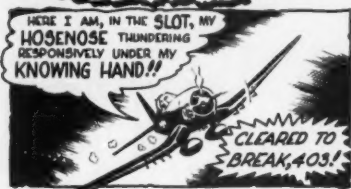
"Cheeze," he exclaimed wonderingly, "I think the hangar roof just blew off!"

THE SHORT HAPPY LIFE OF FRANCIS MACLOBBER

ADAPTED FROM SOME WORDS OF WISDOM BY THAT FAMOUS AVIATOR: *Ernest Hemingway*...



1950 FRANCIS MACLOBBER—ONCE A DULL COLORLESS YOUTH—NOW TRANSFORMED INTO A BUAVE, EXCITING, BOY WHAWT NAVAL AVIATOR PREPARES TO SAVOR AGAIN THE THRILL THAT GIVES HIS LIFE REAL MEANING NAMELY: **A HOT BREAK!!**



OH BOY!! THIS IS IT! NOW TO THRILL AND CHILL THE CROWD BELOW...



AND SO IT WENT WITH MACLOBBER—MONTH AFTER MONTH, EXPLOITING THE F4U AT 7½ G'S. HE WAS HAPPIER THAN HE'D EVER BEEN—SO EXULTANT AT THOSE TIMES IN THE BREAK THAT HE THOUGHT HE COULD NEVER FEEL BETTER. BUT THEN, ALONG CAME...



MAN! 450 KTS! WOW! I WONDER IF MY FANS ARE WATCHING...



GAD!! IS THIS LIVING! I JUST GOTTA BE A PIG AND GO AROUND AGAIN...



WHOOIE!! HERE I AM APPROACHING MY FAVORITE SPOT—AND IN A SWEEP-WING JET! I BET THIS'LL BE OUT OF THIS WORLD!!



From JUL '55 APPROACH



PILOT '?' STATEMENT QUOTES

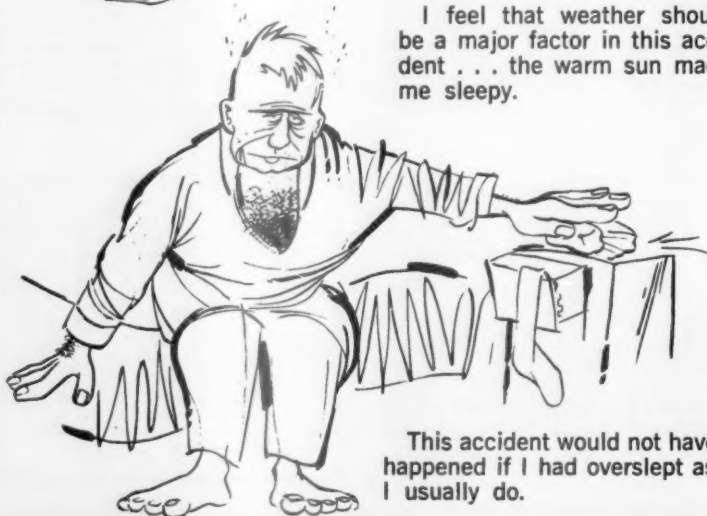
I admit that this accident was due to pilot error . . . but there was nothing wrong with my judgment or technique.



The only material failure which occurred was me.



I feel that weather should be a major factor in this accident . . . the warm sun made me sleepy.



This accident would not have happened if I had overslept as I usually do.



This accident could have been avoided if someone had reminded me to put the wheels down.

An essential part of each AAR is the pilot's statement, if available. He must make a statement concerning the cause of the accident and how it might have been avoided. Whenever Safety Officers gather around the milk bar some of these gems always find their way into the conversation. Here are some of the best we have ever heard and a few go back many years. While we cannot vouch for the veracity of them all, some at least we know are true.

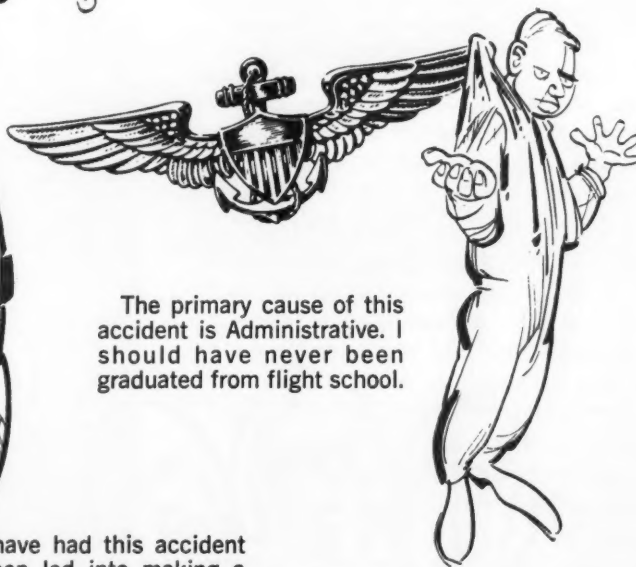
I consider the primary cause of my accident to be supervisory error . . . my wife kept me up nearly all night.



This accident could have been avoided if my date last night had not been so obstreperous.



The primary cause of this accident is Administrative. I should have never been graduated from flight school.



I would not have had this accident if I had not been led into making a short tight pattern by Waves sunbathing on the barracks roof.



A Page from the ASO's Songbook

Cool, Daddy, Cool

(to the tune of Auld Lang Syne)

Should navigation be forgot
And the birdfarm you can't find,
Should tacan failure then occur,
It's the eightball you're behind!
Square sector searches do not work,
Nor Maydays in the blind,
Still all is not completely lost,
If you keep your cool of mind!

There is no substitute for calm,
When your engines will not run,
When radios refuse to talk
And your fuel is almost none!
When smoke is trailing from astern
It surely isn't fun,
But if you keep your cool, my friend,
You're a long, long way from done.

It helps a bunch to know your bird,
And your NATOPS understand,
It pays to preflight thoroughly
And to plan your flight is grand,
But tho' you know most everything,
What each hop will demand,
The unexpected can occur —
And discern 'twixt boy and man!

So keep your head, don't be misled,
For it's panic you must fight
Apply the things you know so well,
Do it once, *But Do It Right!*
When things go wrong, recall this song,
Don't get yourself uptight,
Just let a little cool of mind
Go along on every flight.



From MAY '71 APPROACH

Trouble of a Serrious Nature



The Navy feller was celebrating the peace.

Dere mr Mac Arty

Mrc 8

Inclose i am attach a pitcher of my arrplane in which you will note their has bin some trouble of a seRRious nature i am desirous to leave you here about. This here particklar arrplane orichinally made by them plumbers of yourn was solt to me at a War Assets Amminstration sail in the town of Hockeyjock Ark. lass month, a mister Morris Finestine was agent for the tramsackshun. This Finestine was passin through town at the time bying up all kind of serpluss equipment and got wa&& wind they was a arrplane stashed away in the county. This here particklar job was flew in hear back in awgust of 45 by a navy fairy pilot and had set over to the field in North Hockeyjock ever since. The enemy Navy threw in there towl and quit, and this feller here this over the raddio. Immedaiteley when he hear this he set down at the nearest field which was ours and inside of a hour he was drunk lying stiff in Jake Bragans place, celebratin peace. From the time this navy feller land here i scait of had my eye on this here plane. i and george murch hitch up the team and haul the arrplane quiet like over behind the willows on east 40. We figger we leave her there till things quiet and calm down, then we use her for sportin about in the evenings after chores.

Well, we keep things perty quiet an first thing we know it look like the navy has plumb forgit the hole thing. WE just about feelin good about this w7en \$% when this nozey gadist agint slip into town and get the wind up there is a arrplane hid in the area. This feller snoop around on the sly and sure enuff it dont take the bussard long to ease down behind the willow and see her settin there neat as a plover's egg. We dont argue with this agint and after he clam down some cool see can he arrange some sort of deal alltho it will be unregglar and will require some fancy maneuverin. He come around the next mornin and real confidenshall like tell us he worked out a oral contrack whereby we just pay him a couple hunnert dollars and own the airplene out rite free and clear and that he will forward the papers when he get to washington in a few weeks. Bein smart we pay him a hunnert dollars and agree to pay the rest when he write us from w shington and he ha uled



... we're goin strait up an im lookin
plumb down old Easby's north flue.

him half to death, Last i see of him hes still runnin
acrost the field ~~he~~ like a scalded bunny.

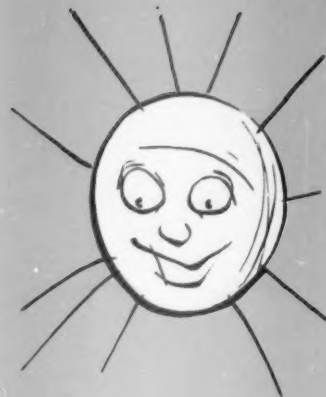
They was quite a crowd gathered by now waitin to
see me fly this here job ~~\$\$\$~~ cheerin and callin to me so
i get set to go and start pushin a nd pullin a bunch of
handles and knobsreal cautious like until finally i
find the one that jazzes the engine right good. Its
got a little /~~NORMAN~~ button onto the top of it.

I jazz her a few time to get the crowds atten-
shun and when theyre all wavin to me and yelling, i
look out at em, leave em have a big smile, and spit real
casual and delibbarate-like i seen that feller do in
the movies, and then jam the handle plumb up to the
hilt. The motor leaves off a roar the like of which i aint
ever heerd in all my borned days and i get shoved against
the back of the seat so hard i caint hardly catch my breath
and thet arrplane starts buckin and bouncin acrost the feeld
like a buck stallion. I never feel so much ~~ix~~

power strapped onto one machine in all my life and the
groun d keeps whirring by faster and faster and them chim-
neys over to Easbys keep growing bigger and bigger. It dont
take me long to realize thet things arnt goin rite about
the time i see peple scatterin for cover from Easby's
yard so i start lookin for the handle which will hist
the arrplane off the groun. Theres a wheel says "nose-up"
on it so i quick-like give her a twirl and then shut my
eyes. I feel thet arrplane hop off the groun and start twirl
in aroun in the air like a oak leef in a twister and when i
take a peek, we're goin strait up an im lookin p lumb down
old Easby's north flue. Im not looking for long tho as the
next thing i know the sky, the groun,g* the clouds, trees
barns, cows, the sky are all jumbled up and icant figger
~~thex~~ where i am from one minute to the next. All of a sudden ti
the plane starts shakin and jumpin around like its got the
ague and the motor starts snarlin an moanin powerful loud
and then the groun starts comin up right fast. I shut my[
eyes again and holt on real tight ~~x~~ an then its all over, Theys
a terrific jolt, a big splash, then alls quiet. I figg-
er sure enuff im deader'n hell an on my way to hevvin until
I feel thet cold water start creepin up around my butt an
when i open my eyes dam if i aint settin plumb smack in
the middle of Hooleyhans CreeK with a bunch of reed birds
clackin an skwakin all excited over my head.

Well, Mr Mac Arty, thats my story an bein a man of
over average intelligents an unlimited patience , i have

gave a considurable mount of thought to this insident
 and i guess i dont need leave your immagination further
 guess how mad i am an how dissappoint i am regards
 yore arrplane. I cant help but think of all the other
 people who put their strickest connfidents in them mach-
 ines and 1st thing you know somebuddys gonna get his
 afore he knows what hit im. Therefore an since
 you are the service manager of this here Chancey sikorsr
 corsehair company i feel you have a very responsible
 service to perform to all then peeple who may
 be desirous of fly yore arrplane. Ive bin settin out onto
 the back stoop for hours on end figgerin this thing out
 and watchin all the birrds akin to this country real care-
 ful-like. Ive watched them when they didnt know i was
 watchin them and this inkloods wrens, sparrers, jaybirds,
 hawks, doves, crows an woddy peckers. My addvice to you
 Mr MC Arty is for you to tell them big smart engineers
 up to yore place to spend more time outside doin jist
 whay ive bin doin cause it wont take ANY DAM FOOL
 long to see thet them birds would jist as likely bust
 their s too if some idiot had stuck their wings on up-
 side down too.



22

Idigently,
 Caleb Flerb



.... dam if I aint sittin plumb
 smack in the middle of Hooleyhans
 Creek

Great Aviators I Have Known

By LCDR W. J. Isenhour

LCDR Smartly Buetokks, a Brewster Buffalo pilot of considerable repute, is credited with having performed (inadvertently) the first ejection escape from an aircraft and contributing to the further development of egress systems as they are known today.

Smartly had as a habit the carrying of his Westchester-Smitherington 950 double magnum (full loaded of course) whenever going flying, in case a covey of snow geese or a grazing group of mud oxen should be encountered. (After all, the wardroom can always stand a change from the traditional filet mignon and prime rib dinners that prevail.) However, while attempting a rapid draw of the magnum from his sturdy shoulder-side-thigh holster, it fired all by itself, and Smartly was unceremoniously departed from his Brewster in much haste! Subsequent parachute descent was uneventful, and save for some slight discolorations (red face and purple namesake) Smartly returned to the wardroom much acclaimed and a hero among all. (Smartly now carries an unloaded 3mm peeshooter in his navigation bag just in case!)



From OCT '69 APPROACH.

The author is currently Head, Safety Publications Department and was the editor when this series appeared regularly in APPROACH. (He was also writing my FITREP when this material was selected. - Ed.)

Terms to a



THRUST

In need of liquid nourishment.



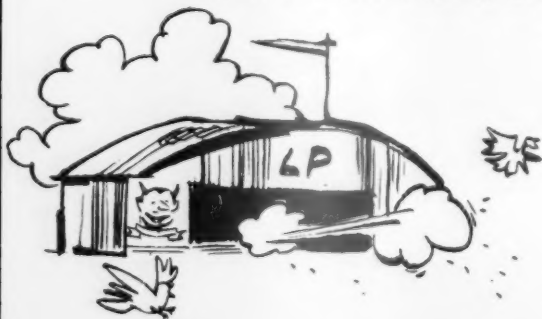
OMNI

A kind of grits.



SLATS

The beer that made Milwaukee famous.



SWEPT WING

Necessary in hangars inhabited by birds.



LIFT

What you should give a serviceman.



LAUNCH

The noon meal.



Actually pilot tube, but often directed by printers.



VORTEX

A VHF omni-range station in Texas.

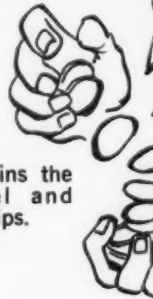


TORQUE

What women do on the telephone.

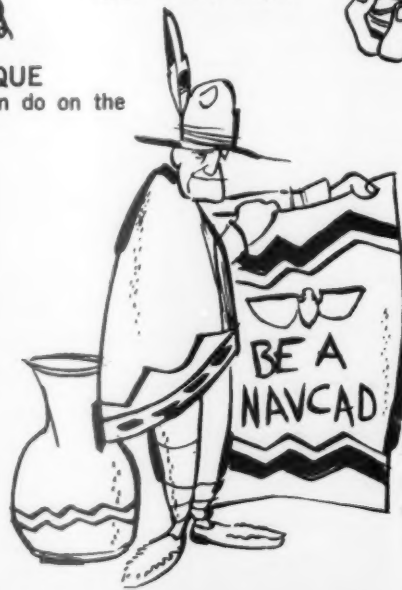
BANK

The guy who spins the roulette wheel and rakes in the chips.



TACTICS

What a clock sounds like when it needs fixing.



EXTERNAL STORES

Indian selling blankets along the highway.

aviate by...



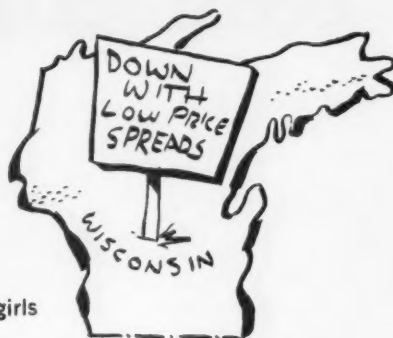
PREFLIGHT CHECK

Advance pay in case you have to RON.



DATUM

What you do with girls before you marryum.



OLEO

A butter substitute much in disfavor in Wisconsin.

PITOT TUBE

Often misspelled by writers and cor-



ROLLOUT

First word in a song about a barrel.



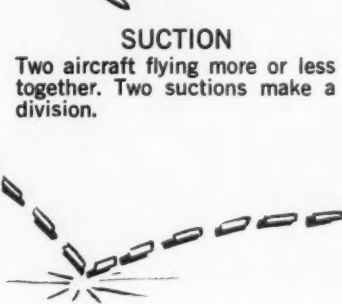
SUCTION

Two aircraft flying more or less together. Two suctions make a division.



TOUCH & GO

When CAG makes a bolter.



LOAD FACTOR

Brother of Max Factor.



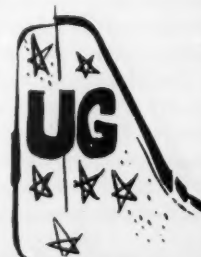
VISIBILITY

A figure which, when multiplied by .2 gives a rough approximation of the density of the cigar smoke in the aerology office.



HIGH POWER TURNUP

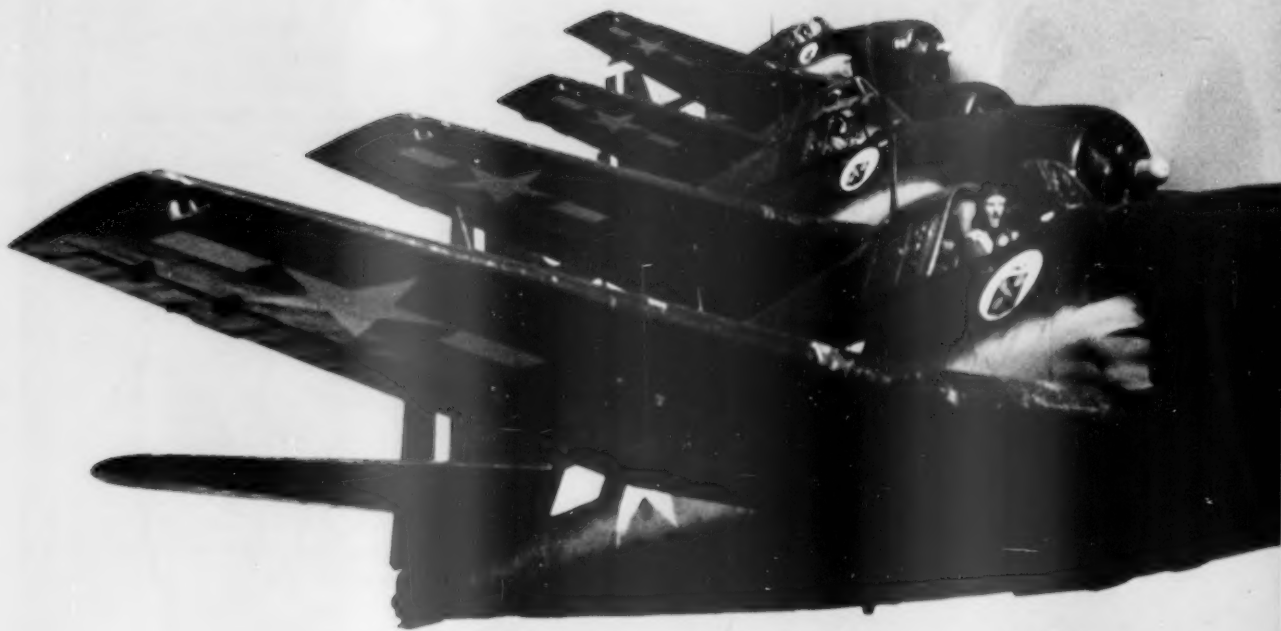
A turnip crossed with a horseradish.



RUDDER

Opposite of rudder not.

Remember how much



THE current spate of nicotinic nostalgia offered in TV commercials ("Remember how good cigarets *used* to taste?") moves us to note briefly the recurrent, similar flashbacks in flying, in which we elder pilots are prone to indulge.

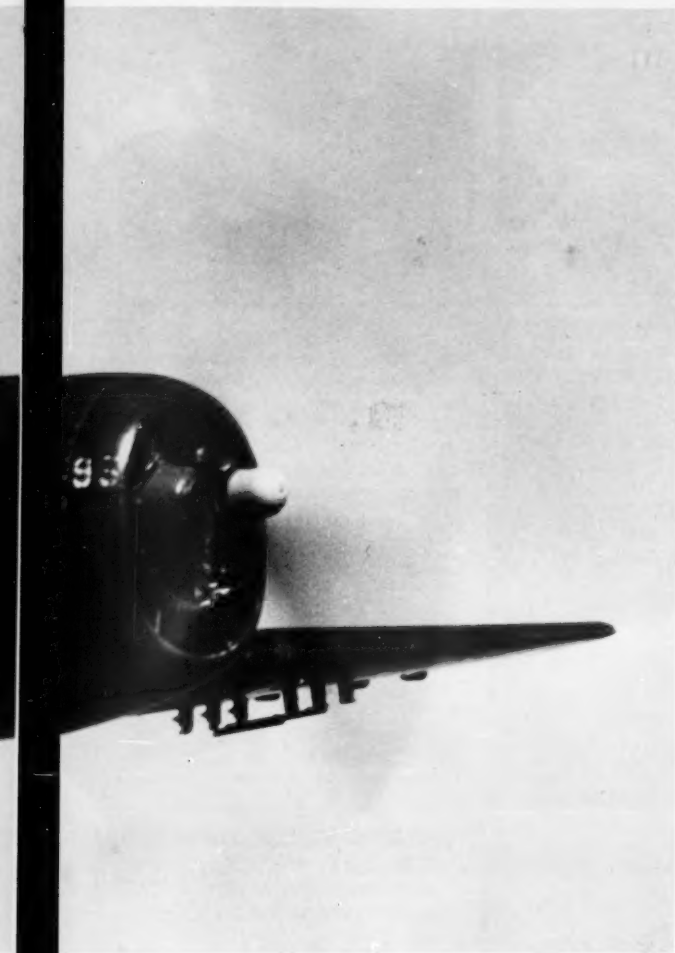
Such harkenings back to yesteryear usually are prompted by the appearance of new instructions and procedures which seem to be fiendishly designed to remove the last vestiges of enjoyment from the aviating business. Whereupon there is loud lament concerning the state of aviation nowadays, and considerable listener sympathy is aroused on hearing . . .

"Why, bub, when *I* was an ensign, fresh out of Pensacola . . ." and thereafter you're regaled with heart-stirring tales of how they used to leap into the blue — the near-deserted blue it was then, unmarred by the flicker of anticollision lights, uninhibited by the insidious influence of IFR and the prying eye of radar surveillance.

Then, the "farming" pilot of, say, an F6F might roam the high (2-10,000 feet) sky in search of new transports (NATS), questing the dimly defined air trails for kindred spirits, perchance to scissor them into satisfying two-turn spins over

fun flying used to be?

By CDR R. P. Brewer



Old Smoky (Pittsburgh).

Or to stalk, gleefully, an unwary "wrappie" (Army Air Corps) citizen. Or, remember the high-spirited antics that greeted you in your first squadron, when you swelled with pride to be invited along on a "freezeout" tailchase under the Old Bridge — how the lowly earthbound peasants shrieked with awe, or something, as you buzzed down the highway — the beauty of the perfect man-machine team marred only occasionally by encounters with high-tension wires. Yessiree, those were the days, eh? None of your fancy *dan* flight

planning for that hardy breed — "Gimme an Esso map and a city directory, buster, and I'll get there!" A rolling takeoff, tuck up the *Goodyears* (or was it *Firestones*), and a neat roll before passing the end of the runway. "Meet me over the field."

Man, that was living. Now? Hah! Why even the carefree chatter of the past has been replaced by your stodgy, uninspired radio discipline. Remember the way we used to pull the hilarious "Who dat? Who dat, say who dat?" routine that used to sizzle CAG when he was trying to rendezvous the group grope?

No sir, things just aren't the same. The sublime satisfaction of sneaking in under the overcast . . . "Cheeze! I got a hatful of pine cones outta my oil scoop!" They've taken the individuality out of the business . . . A good LSO could recognize every pilot by the peculiarities of his pass; all different — but no more. CCA and the mirror approach changed all that, along with the heady joy of the high-speed break.

Navigation? Just get out and go, we did, into the chute-pinching thrill of a low-frequency range orientation, without a chart. TACAN and OMNI and radar and UHF do the job for you now, but then, no tiresome requirements of position reports and altitude assignments and nagging safety officers — Dilbert cartoons were good enough for us.

Yessir, they'll say, give me the plain, simple life, uncluttered with checkoff lists and V_g diagrams and FIRs and computers and such. Shoulder straps? Who wants to fly in a straitjacket? Crash helmets? Sonny, we were a real hard-headed group, when the measure of a pilot was his ability to sideslip off a buggered-up overshoot; to horse a reluctant bird off the runway in jig time; to interpret a 200-mag drop as a transient bit of water, and let's get the show on the road!

Those were the days, indeed. It was a great life, the likes of which we'll never see again, those of us who are still around. And there were giants in those days too, who can still spin a wonderful yarn of a lusty era — yarns that glow more warmly with each passing year and each fond retelling. So, you youngsters, listen and learn — you can filter out a great deal of satisfying information. But there's one thing . . .

Just don't ask him what the accident rate was that year!

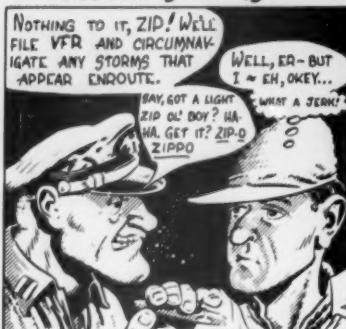
From MAY '61 APPROACH. It still sounds all too familiar 19 years later!

I HAD BEEN IN ST. LOUIS (HAD A REAL BALL, TOO) AND WAS RETURNING TO QUONSET PT. THAT'S UP IN RHODE ISLAND. FOR THE TRIP I WAS CO-PILOT FOR A @!#!? (ODDS! EXCUSE ME, KIDS) FOR A FELLER CALLED WILL RISKIT!!



Ascent into a Maelstrom!

THEY TOLD US THE WEATHER WAS GOOD TO QUONSET EXCEPT FOR POSSIBLE SCATTERED (CHOKE!) THUNDERSTORMS...



NOW! I BEEN THRU ALL WEATHER FLIGHT SCHOOL. IT'S TOO BIG TO GO AROUND SO WE'LL ANCHOR HERE OVER ALBANY, GET A WEATHER REPORT, AND THEN DECIDE WHAT TO DO...



ALBANY RADIO GAVE A WEATHER SUMMARY. NOT MUCH INFO. BUT QUONSET WAS CLEAR, NO DETEIORATION EXPECTED SO, WE FILED UNDER INSTRUMENT FLIGHT RULES AND WERE CLEARED AT 7000'...



WE HAD SUFFICIENT FUEL TO GET TO QUONSET AND AN ALTERNATE. WE PREPARED OUR ENTRY, SHOULDER HARNESS, SAFETY BELT, SLOW COMFORTABLE MACH NO., GOT ON INSTRUMENTS, ETC....



THE COCKPIT LEAKED LIKE A SIEVE; WINDSHIELD WIPERS WERE INOPERATIVE...



BUT THEN—



TOO MUCH STATIC TO RAISE ANYBODY. MACH INDICATOR WENT OUT AT 82 KNOTS.



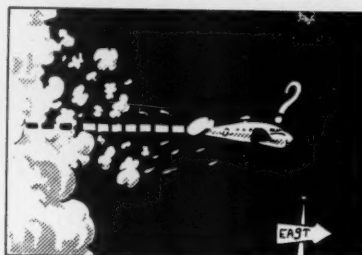
I FINALLY GOT ALBANY ON VHF AND TOLD THEM WE COULDN'T MAINTAIN ASSIGNED ALTITUDE...



I WAS SCARED! THEN I GLANCED BACK TO SEE HOW THE PASSENGERS WERE DOING...

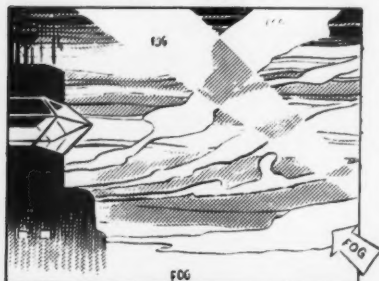


I WAS TEMPTED TO JOIN THEM. THE AIRPLANE FELT LIKE IT WAS COMING APART. THEN WE LEVELED OFF AT 13700 FT. AND BROKE INTO THE CLEAR.

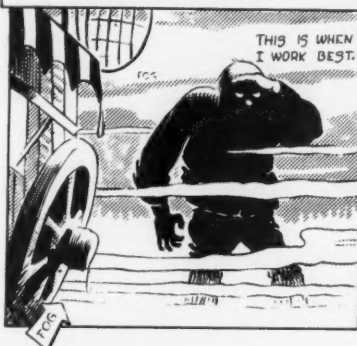


NOW ALL WE HAD TO DO WAS GET TO QUONSET AND LAND THAT THING.

WE FOUND WE WERE ALMOST TO OUR DESTINATION WHICH MEANT A GROUND SPEED OF ALMOST 200 KTS. DURING A "CLIMB" OF 6,700 FT. AND WAS QUONSET CLEAR? NOT ON YOUR LIFE!! FOG.



GCA PICKED US UP THEIR LOOKOUT OUTSIDE THE WAGON REPORTED THAT THE FOG WAS LOWERING!!



WE DIDN'T FIND THE RUNWAY ON THE FIRST APPROACH...



ON THE SECOND APPROACH RISKIT SAW THE RUNWAY LIGHTS. HE GRABBED THE CONTROLS AND LANDED THE AIRPLANE.

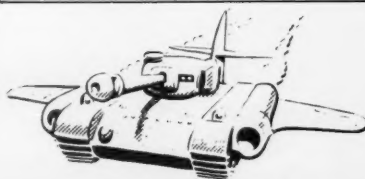


I WAS SO SHOT I COULD HARDLY MOVE AND A GOOD THING FOR RISKIT. AS FOR HIM, HE SHOVED OFF AFTER A CURSORY GLANCE AT THE PLANE.



WHEN I GATHERED MYSELF TOGETHER I INSPECTED THE PLANE AND FOUND IT SORT OF ROCK-MARKED FROM HAIL AND THE PYOT TUBE WAS TWISTED BUT WHEN I THOUGHT WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED - WELL...

THERE HAD BEEN REAMS OF LITERATURE WRITTEN ON HAZARDS OF FLYING THUNDERSTORMS.



From MAY '60 APPROACH



...and then there were none

It was a "routine" flight by members of a reserve squadron — eight pilots were scheduled; seven got airborne; five continued the flight to its unscheduled conclusion; one was lost.

Concerning the five pilots, it is believed that their individual experience and backgrounds provide a fairly typical cross-section of reserve aviation. The list, which might well be repeated in any of a hundred similar activities, includes a manager of an electrical supply firm, the director of industrial relations for an oil refinery, a member of a construction company, an associate of a farmers' cooperative supply organization, and the director of a local Chamber of Commerce.

Married, family men almost without exception, these reserve pilots drove or were flown to their base once each month to engage in three or four flights, logging an average of about 10 flight-hours per month.

This is their story.

EIGHT reserve pilots were scheduled for a VFR cross-country navigation flight to provide cruise control training in F9F-7s prior to engaging in forthcoming maneuvers. Originally projected several months before, the flight received final approval, and pilots were designated about 1030 one Saturday morning.

Because of the relatively short notice on which the flight was finally undertaken, the squadron found it necessary to obtain two replacement pilots from a local companion squadron. One of the replacements was designated flight leader because he had the necessary instrument qualification required to lead such flights.

Of the eight pilots scheduled, three had flown a hop previously during the day; only four had made cross-country flights in the F9F-7. As finally organized, the flight appeared something like this:

Number 1: (Flight leader) received checkout in F9F-7 2 months before and had logged 10.7 hours in model.

Number 2: Checked out in model a year previously and had about 60 hours in model.

Number 3: Checked out in model the previous year and had about 30 hours in model.

Number 4: Checked out in model a year before and had about 29 hours in model.

Number 5: Checked out about 2 months before and had approximately 20 hours in model.

Number 6: Checked out a year before and had 20 hours in model.

Number 7: Checked out about 3 months before and had about 5 hours in model.

Number 8: Checked out a year before and had some 40 hours in model.

Distance of the flight was 555 miles over a route which approached mountainous terrain near the destination. The weather briefing noted a tornado well to the southwest of the route and scattered thunderstorms predicted en route. Time en route was 1 hour and 30 minutes, with the flight to arrive over destination with an estimated 1840 pounds of fuel remaining.

Preflight planning was accomplished with most of the pilots working out their own flight plans and with the flight leader completing a briefing "as thorough as any flight I ever briefed."

Start, departure from the line, and preliminary radio check was according to normal procedure. One aircraft was delayed on starting and was left at the line. The radio communications check proved difficult, with considerable shifting of frequencies required to establish a common tactical channel.

On reaching the end of the runway, there was an initial delay of several minutes while a number of aircraft landed. Takeoff was at 1705. Joinup after takeoff was quickly accomplished and the leader then circled the field at a low altitude to check the status of one aircraft which failed to leave the line. Flight members figured that some 800 pounds of fuel had been expended during these delays.

Then There Were Seven

Departure and climb to 36,000 feet on a northwest course was uneventful, but approximately 110 miles out on course, No. 5 and No. 6 men returned to base after reporting excessive fuel consumption. Number 7 then moved up into the No. 5 position, astern.

Continued

Then There Were Five

About 200 miles on course, the flight encountered the first thunderstorm, an anvil head at about 32,000-34,000 feet, which they were able to drop under without difficulty. Thereafter, several small thunderheads were flown over. Weather to the north and east of course appeared relatively clear.

About 250 miles out, the canopy of No. 5, formerly No. 7, began icing over despite constant use of manual temperature control, and in a short time he was looking out "through a dollar-sized hole." In a few minutes, however, the icing abruptly disappeared.

A radio check netted a report that destination weather was a comfortable 15,000 feet scattered with thunderstorms to the southeast.

Noting what appeared to be a sizeable thunderstorm ahead, the flight began climbing to top it. At this time, No. 5 began to lag behind. When the flight had attained 38,000-40,000 feet, and was nearing the thunderstorm, the flight leader advised he was reducing power to 87 percent to allow No. 5 to catch up. Number 5 gave a count for a DF steer from the planes ahead, which he could no longer see. On reduction of power by the leader, Nos. 3 and 4 overran and used their excess speed to pull up slightly higher than the rest of the flight.

Now No. 3 called that he was encountering stall in his aircraft, and No. 5 noted the same condition. At this time, a pilot, possibly No. 3, suggested reversal of course, but No. 4, higher than the others, reported he could see over the top of the thunderstorm.

Just short of the thunderstorm, the leader began a left turn which immediately aggravated the near-stall condition of the aircraft. Mushing considerably, the flight entered the cloud, No. 2 entering first, followed by No. 1. Number 4 held course and altitude. Number 3's actions from this point are not known, but possibly he elected to go down through the clouds. Number 5 attempted a 180-degree turn but stalled through the tops of the thunderhead at about 39,000 feet.

From this point, integrity of the flight disappeared as each of the remaining pilots found himself in a situation requiring a separate solution. Accounts of how each pilot attempted to solve his individual problem follow.

Lose Leaders

Completing his turn away from the cloud and circling in the clear at about 34,000-36,000, No. 1 began calling the flight, but was unable to establish satisfactory communications. He then began a descent in the trough, paralleling the near side of the cloud, throttle at idle, and leveled at 17,000 feet to go around the edge of the thunderhead and to resume base course.

It was then apparent that the 1500 pounds of fuel remaining would be insufficient to make destination, and No. 1 began looking for a place to land. Following a highway, he descended to 5000 feet to select a stretch on which to set down. After dragging the road for obstructions, he made an approach over a pickup truck and touched down, blowing a

tire as brakes were applied. On landing runout, he noted a slight hill over which he might expect to see a car at any time, so he turned off the highway at a side road intersection to clear. A car immediately came over the hill to investigate the low-flying airplane.

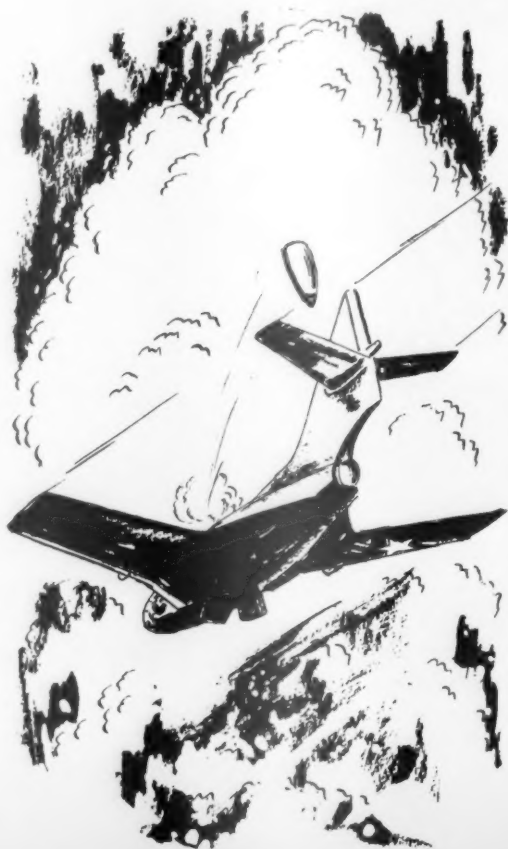
Driven into a nearby town, the pilot obtained the services of a tractor and a hired hand to tow the plane into town. This was accomplished after a few mishaps from being towed off the pavement onto a soft shoulder.

Thereafter, No. 1 was advised of the crash of another aircraft some 40 miles away and was driven to the scene to assist in its identification.

Then There Were Four

On entering the cloud, No. 2 elected to descend through what he assumed to be only a layer, to bust out underneath and remain contact to go on to destination. He extended speedbrakes, reduced throttle, and began a 5000-6000 fpm rate of descent, holding base course. The descent was considerably prolonged. He first encountered lightning and then severe turbulence, and meanwhile he attempted to hold a nosedown attitude to prevent stalling.

After the first period of turbulence, No. 2 became concerned about his altitude with reference to surrounding terrain, believing that below 15,000 feet he would be dangerously near the mountains ahead. He turned north,





got into more violent turbulence, lost control of the airplane a couple of times, and at 15,000 feet, decided to eject. Still in the turbulence, still in a dive, he jettisoned his canopy (he lost his helmet, but does not recall when this occurred) and, releasing the controls, pulled the curtain. Nothing happened, but he had been told that he might reasonably expect a 2- or 3-second delay in the firing of the seat, so he was not particularly upset over the delay.

Curtain over his chin, he waited — then decided to peek around the curtain to see if he was still in the airplane. He was. He released the curtain, waited, still diving, considered re-safelying the curtain, discarded the idea, and went back to driving the airplane.

While considering his next move, he saw the ground materializing below and knew that he still had safe altitude. Breaking out beneath the clouds at about 5500 feet, he retracted speedbrakes and took up an easterly heading, unable to get much speed because of the absence of the canopy. After searching awhile for a place to land, he selected a stretch of highway near a town. He was down to 500 pounds of fuel now. Checking the wind by referring to the smoke from a local trash dump, he made an approach over an automobile at about 150 feet, leveled at 10 feet, cut the throttle, and landed. Slowing to taxi, he folded the wings to cross a bridge and continued into town where he turned off to park on a side street.

After his report was received, arrangements were made for a nearby air station to send a crew with another canopy, fuel, a starter unit, and to disarm the hot seat. Faced with the problem of what to do with the seat cartridge, the pilot considered throwing it into a lake or burying it. He finally obtained a shotgun from a patrolman and shot the side of the

shell open, rupturing it so the powder could be removed. The shell case was turned over to investigating personnel for a further check.

When the airplane was ready for flight, it was pushed by local citizens back to the highway, which was blocked off. A clear stretch of road about a mile in length was then available before the highway crossed a low bridge. Thereafter, another mile of open highway was usable. There was no fuel in the wing tanks; elevation of the "field" was 2200 feet.

The airplane was almost airborne at the first bridge and, in accordance with his preplanning, the pilot was able to lift the plane up on its oleos to clear the bridge safely. Thereafter, he was airborne on the second stretch of "runway."

"After I got off," said the pilot, "I came back and made a pass by the town to do a roll of appreciation for their help."

Then There Were Three

Because No. 3 was not observed from the time the flight entered the cloud top, nor were any radio transmissions heard, his actions may only be guessed. The airplane crashed some 40 miles away from where No. 1 landed. The plane hit in a near-vertical angle on the corner of a cement foundation of a firm structure, digging a large hole and being demolished by the impact.

After the initial inspection, the investigating party concluded that the ejection seat was not in the wreckage. Shortly thereafter, because of the inconvenience caused to the property owner by the crowds of spectators and souvenir hunters attracted to the scene, it was decided to bulldoze the wreckage into the hole and to cover it up. The pilot was later found, dead of injuries which possibly resulted from hitting

some part of the plane on bailout. Questions then raised, concerning the absence of the ejection seat, prompted re-opening of the crash hole to examine the wreckage. Parts of the ejection seat were then found in the wreckage.

Then There Were Two

The No. 4 pilot stated that, from his position 1000-2000 feet above the rest of the flight, he could see over the top of the cloud, and recommended going over.

However, when the leader reduced power to allow No. 5 to catch up, No. 4 encountered stall and began to lose altitude. He increased power to 100 percent, but still lost 1000 feet more. A tentative turn with the rest of the flight increased the stall, so he returned to base course and was in the cloud. He, too, thought he would be able to penetrate quickly.

He reports that his fuel consumption appeared to have increased after entering the cloud, and he decided to get down in order to have some fuel remaining for landing. At this time, he had about 1500 pounds. Knowing that a range of mountains was directly ahead on course, he turned to parallel the mountains and continued his descent at about 4000 fpm. He, too, encountered violent turbulence, but the airplane handled very well, and he never lost control. He attempted to raise FAA and Navy towers without success and then called Mayday. His only answer was from an Air Force B-25 which gave him some idea of weather conditions beyond the storm area.

At 15,000 feet, he heard No. 2 state that he was in the clear. At 12,000 feet, the fuel warning light came on (he had not retarded throttle during his descent). At 11,000 feet he broke out beneath the thunderstorm and turned to intercept his original base course. After attempting to locate himself by landmarks and getting down to 700 pounds of fuel remaining, he circled a reservoir with the intention of a ditching.

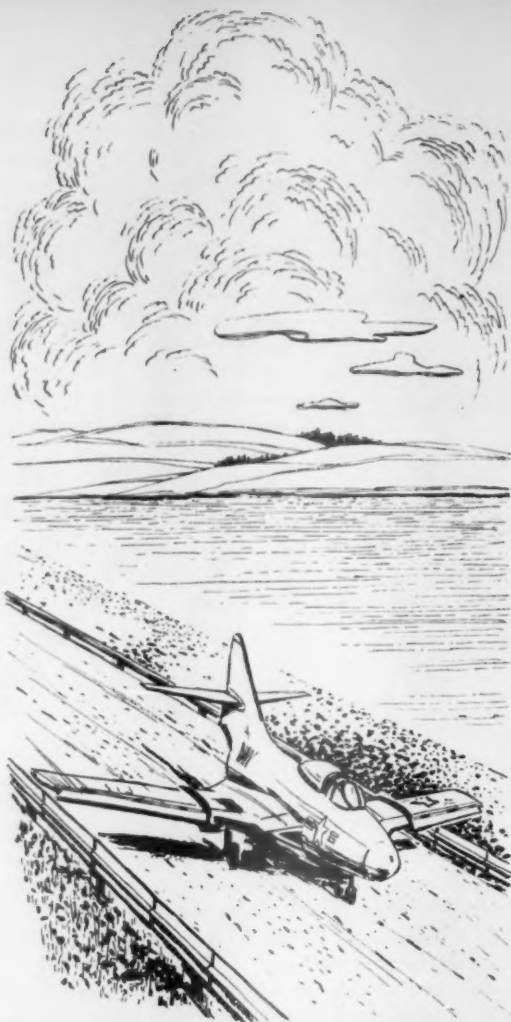
Noting the length of the reservoir dam, about 9300 feet, and its width, some 25 feet, he elected to try and land on the dam itself. To one side, the water level was about 15 feet below the top of the dam. On the other side was a drop of about 250 feet. A guardrail about 3 feet high ran along either edge of the dam.

On touchdown, he avoided use of brakes and, flaps clattering on the tops of the guardrail pipes, completed the rollout and added power to taxi off the far end of the dam. After taxiing down to some buildings, he was met by an irate reclamation official who advised him that, "Son, you're in trouble! You can't go landing on government property like this!"

Shortly thereafter, arrangements were made to report the landing and remove the airplane.

Then There Was One

At the time the formation approached the cloud, No. 5 was at about 39,000 feet and 170 knots, stalling through the cloud tops. While trying to do a 180, he stalled and mushed into the clouds. In attempting to fly out of the clouds on instruments, he also hit violent turbulence, was flipped on



his back, and found himself in other unusual attitudes.

At times he was gaining 6000 fpm, and at other times he was descending 4000 fpm. He came out below the clouds at 17,000 feet in a slight nosedown turn, but low airspeed brought on a stall. He nosed over to pick up speed and lost altitude down to 6000 feet. He then climbed back to 15,000 feet, having about 1900 pounds of fuel remaining.

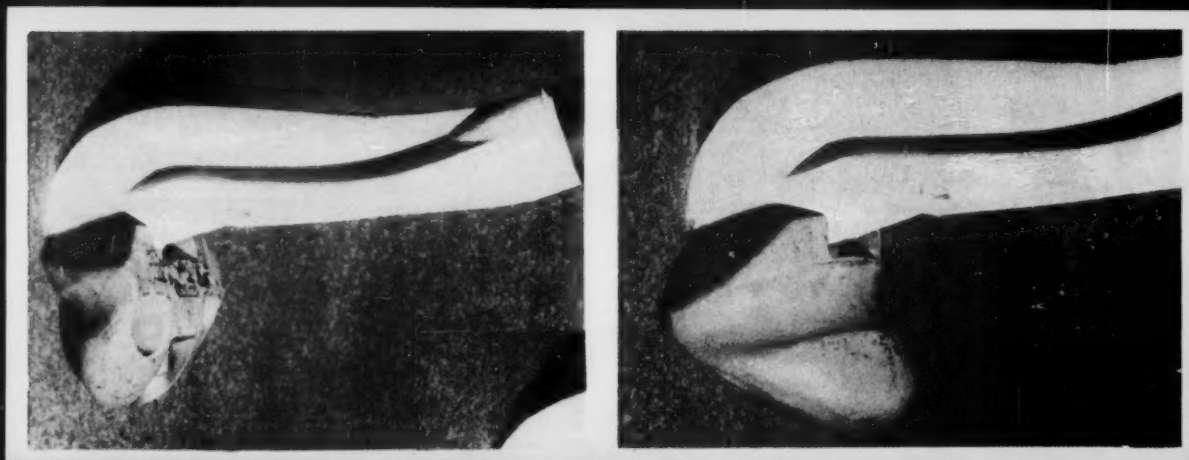
After taking up an easterly course away from the storm area, he was still unable to establish his position. Spotting an abandoned airstrip, and with only 700 pounds of fuel remaining, he elected to land. The strip was about 5800 feet long, and landing was without incident. Number 5 then "took a chance and started walking." He was later informed that he was quite fortunate in his choice of direction, for had he taken the opposite direction, he would have found no houses, just a long stretch of open country.

He found a house and was able to report his landing and arrange for fuel to be brought to the airstrip. Then, he reports, "I got my biggest shock when I saw a spectator smoking near the airplane as it was being fueled!" The plane was returned to base.

— And Then There Were None.

From JUN '59 APPROACH, Murphy's Law was a regular feature in APPROACH for many years and was written by Mr. John Kiriluk.

MURPHY'S LAW



A RECENT FLIGA report involving an F11F-1 tells of a pilot who made five mirror approaches to the deck of his carrier but was unable to engage a wire for arrestment. He was diverted to a field on the beach where he landed without further incident.

Investigation revealed the hook point was installed backwards during the night preceding the flight (left photo). The investigating board said the occurrence resulted from Murphy's Law,* improper inspection, and maintenance crew fatigue.

This incident reemphasizes the need for proper training, supervision, and inspection procedures. The reporting command is requiring that the arresting hook be dropped for visual inspection during the pilot's preflight.

**If an aircraft part can be installed incorrectly, someone will install it that way.*



ONLY **THUNDER**

HAVE THE EXTRAORDINARY
THAT MAKE THEM

from this

An actual result from an ELEMENTAL
as possible in black and white from

You too, can make this



Pilot takes off and heads directly for biggest
THUNDERSTORM in area. (A Beech is best plane for
test but most any other will do ...)

3

To insure full effect, pilot does NOT: reduce airspeed;
get on instruments; utilize pilot heat or manifold
heat; or turn up cockpit lights.



CHECK THESE FEATURES:

- ✓ PROMPT RESULTS
- ✓ NATIONALLY RECOGNIZED
- ✓ ANTI-BODY-IC PUFFS

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF PILOT
BEFORE
TRYING OUR 10 MINUTE
Elemental TRIAL!!

Actual on-the-spot sketch by
on-the-spot artist of on-the-
spot plane used in trial.



USUALLY AVAILABLE ENROUTE
DURING THE SUMMER

UNIVERSAL



THUNDER

OF T
Our produc
(But there's al

Remember! You read

STORMS!

ARY Elemental INGREDIENTS
WHAT THEY ARE !!

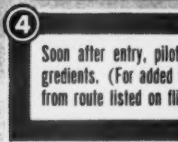
trial is reproduced here as faithfully
retouched original color photographs

to this

ple test and feel the difference



2 Pilot heads for darkest area in anvil-topped buildup. He carefully maintains high airspeed and loosens shoulder harness for comfort.



4 Soon after entry, pilot begins to savor active ingredients. (For added thrill, conduct trial well away from route listed on flight plan.)



- ✓ TESTED BY AVIATORS
- ✓ TRUSTED BY NOBODY
- ✓ PROVED IN PSYCHIATRIC WARDS

PRICE VARIES ACCORDING
TO LOCAL BUILDUP

ERSTORM INSTITUTE



WORLD
made by God!
the Devil to pay.)
in Approach May 1956!

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF PILOT
AFTER
OUR SENSATIONAL 10 MINUTE
Elemental TRIAL!!

Actual
photo of
aircraft
later ...



Actual
photo of
aircraft
later ...

From JAN '70 APPROACH.

The Care and Feeding of a Vietnam Vet

Not used to the
high priced
stateside haircuts

Saigon slouch

Duty, man, duty

Campaign Hat (circa 1969)

Note salt crystals from sea stories

Nothing like a cup
of squadron
busthead to get
him started.

Note DaNang
droop to
trousers

Bucket seat

(or,
how to get
the salt
out of a
Vet's socks
- painlessly)

THE RECENT Vietnam returnee is also a transitioning aircrewman (pilot, BN, RIO, or EMCON). In this case, though, the Vet is likely to have a more far reaching effect on your unit than the average transition aircrewman.

Is the Vietnam Vet a successful tiger? You better believe it! He's alive and well and living in CONUS, isn't he?

He's in your unit to nurture the embryo tigers and help bring them to a high state of combat readiness. He's got some of the best experience in the world to draw on and he's just itching to unleash it for the betterment of all. So . . . let's use it, but under controlled conditions, so as to reap the greatest benefits.

Here's the gouge on how to extract the maximum benefit without dampening his spirit and enthusiasm:

- **Cardinal Rule.** Listen to all his sea stories with rapt attention, being careful to maintain proper separation between upper and lower lips. This may cause an occasional flying insect to bother you, but the knowledge gained is well worth the slight risk of incurring an incurable disease.

- When administering a NATOPS closed-book exam, hint strongly that he is being considered for "Instructor" duty in the unit. Be certain to grade all his exam papers in strict privacy, and be ready to acknowledge that any mistakes were probably caused by battle fatigue and/or his oversexed condition. Reschedule the closed-book exam for a period not earlier than 1 week later.

- Make the pointed remark (on a recurring basis) that everyone you know received decorations for heroism for combat missions much less demanding than those which he has recounted. Be prepared (on a recurring basis) to apply the *Cardinal Rule*.

- When you are stuck with a hard-to-fill NAMTG (Naval

Air Maintenance Training Group) quota, gently break the news that he is the logical choice to "go down there and really show the other drivers what the airplane is all about." Emphasize the prestige which the squadron will gain by his participation in what some lesser individuals might consider a boring assignment. Be prepared at any time to repeat the *Cardinal Rule*.

- Keep his work area very warm and slightly damp so he will be comforted by a familiar environment.

- Periodically ask to see his battle scars. If he has none, casually bring up the subject of rocket attacks. Be prepared to repeat the *Cardinal Rule*.

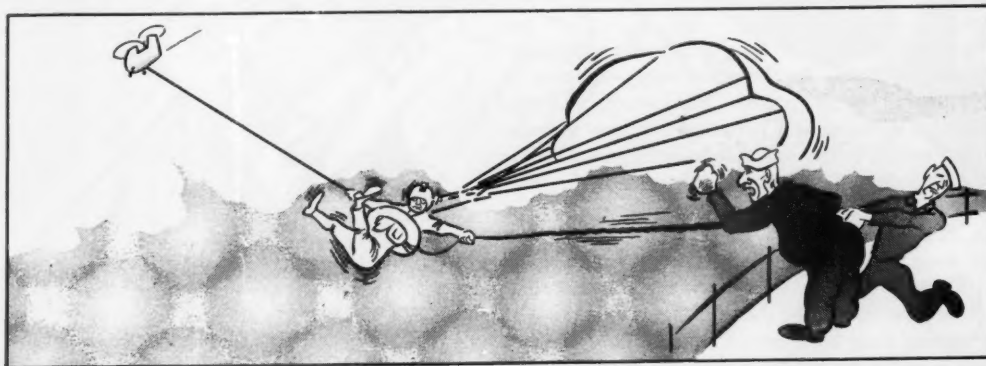
- As 1730 on Friday approaches, casually drop the warning that "mild" social drinking overseas may be considered by some uninitiated stateside folks as acute alcoholism.

- On Monday morning, loan him lunch money and sympathize (profusely) when he complains of the high cost of stateside cigarettes, booze, dinners, gasoline, laundry, and haircuts.

- Never playfully feed paper into a fan and holler "Ground fire!" when he is in the vicinity.

The Payoff: Aggressively announce to your nuggets (in his presence) that you do not tolerate expedients, shortcuts, and lack of professionalism. Point to him with pride and say, "He is living proof of the benefits of a sound standardization program." Then stand back and prepare to help him pick up his ribbons, wings, and shirt buttons after he comments in a booming authoritative roar, calculated to raise the hackles on any tiger. ◀

Contributed by Maj R. J. McGan, USMC, MAG-33 NATOPS Coordinator, who credits an article in the 2nd MAW "Hot Dope Sheet" for his inspiration.



"We saw him first!"

I was leafing through my Funk and Wagnall's the other day and chanced across a really great word. It's just below "anthropophagi" (which means two or more cannibals), but this isn't going to be a lecture about cannibals and what to do when you meet them in a survival situation. Here's the word. Write it down and you will astound all your Air Force friends. The word is:

Anthropopathy

By LT W. J. Mooberry
RVAW-120

From APR '70 APPROACH.

BEAUTIFUL, isn't it? Now for all the Yale men in our audience, I feel I must explain, anthropopathy is not a single cannibal. Anthropopathy is the tendency some people have to attribute human feelings and passions to gods or objects. Since gods and their passions are more properly the territory of the Chaplain's Corps, I'll limit our discussion to that anthropopathy which is directed toward objects; in this case, flying objects.

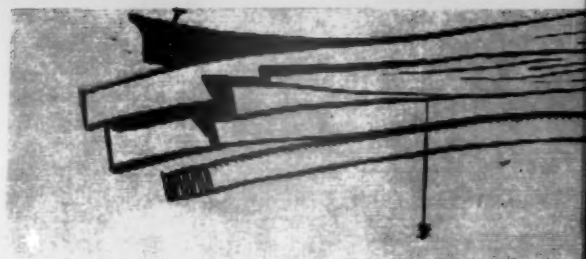
My research has indicated there are roughly two phyla (another great word) of flying objects: the animate and the inanimate. (Wake up, Norman, here comes the topic sentence.) You, good friend, along with gnats, birds, and certain species of squirrels are one phylum, and your aircraft is the other.

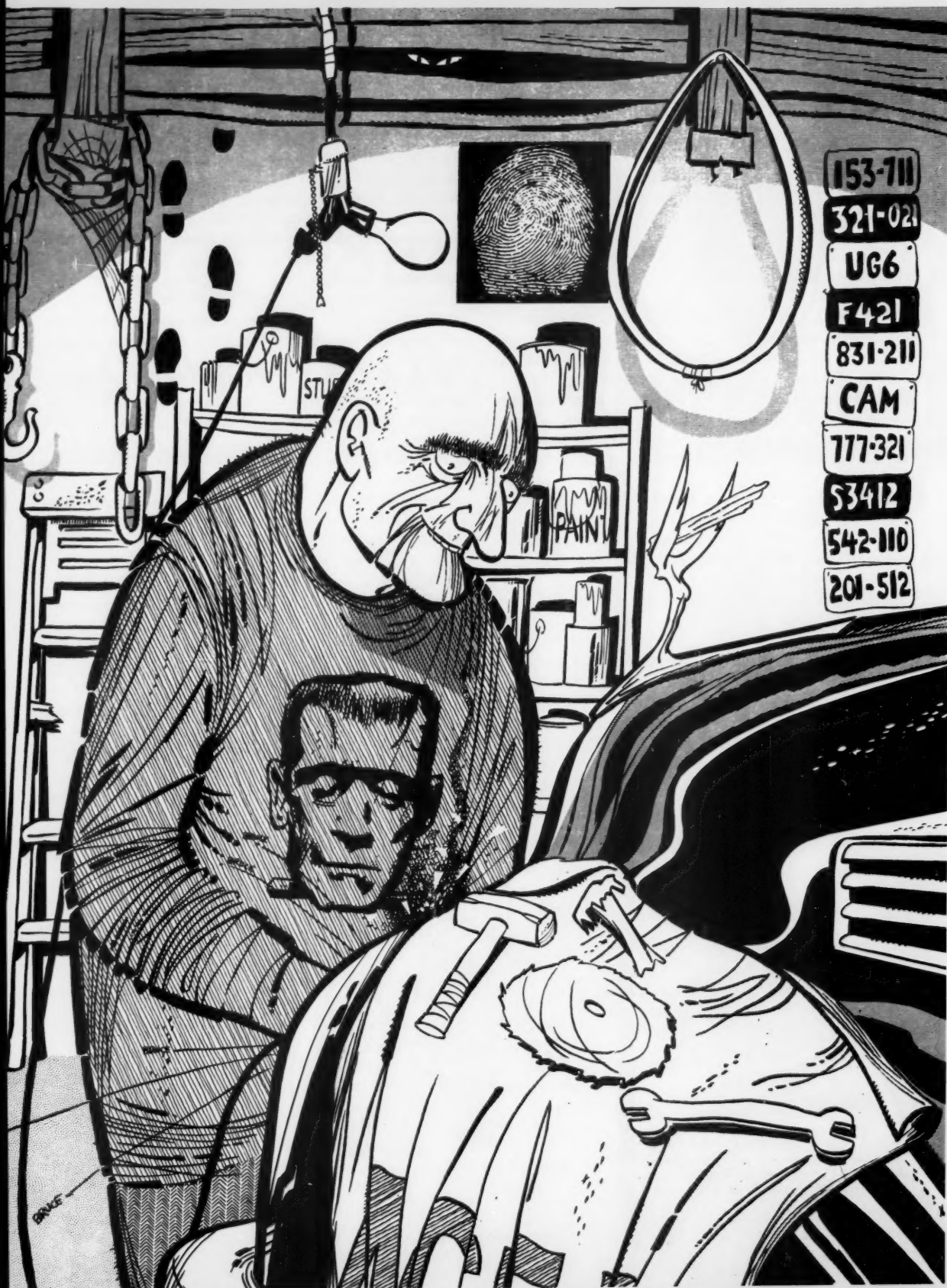
If you believe that, you may leave now. If you don't believe that (or if you are experiencing a serious blockage of the lower tract and have to sit there anyway), read on.

One of the finest examples of contemporary anthropopathy I've ever seen was in a movie called "Sweet Betsy." It starred Van Johnson as a freckle-faced 26-year-old Air Force colonel (twice passed over for brigadier) who thought his B-17 was a nubile young girl named Betsy. (A complicated Freudian hangup which could account for some of his career difficulties.)

I can close my eyes and see it all in living color, wide screen and stereophonic sound. As the scene opens, Johnson is nursing his battered, limping bomber back across the channel. Eight feet of his starboard wing have been shot away during a predawn raid on the Jerries' roller skate factory near Berlin. His Huck Finn smile and 9 million freckles were of little help over the heavily defended target; Betsy took a hell of a pounding. She's down on the water now skimming and sputtering along just above the top of the waves. The rest of the crew has long since bailed out. But the colonel knows Betsy will see him through. She always has.

Sweat streams from his forehead. His teeth are clenched. He squirms in pain. (The Huns have shot away his relief tube.) He looks up. Dover is just ahead. He smiles for the first time.





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The cliffs gleam white in the early morning sun.

He speaks. "Come on, Betsy girl, we've made it this far . . . just a little more. Come on, Baby, climb!" He pats the instrument panel. The aircraft shudders. Ecstasy, or prestall buffet?

His mind wanders back. What was it that Guido, the gunner, had said just before he jumped? "Anthropopathist!" Yeah, that was it, just before he jumped. Crazy guy, always so touchy about his religion. He wipes the sweat away. The cliffs are closer now.

"Just a little more, sweetheart. We're gonna do it. Climb a little, Sweet Betsy. Betsy, Climb!"

Splurch.

Paul Lynde, in the role of an out-of-work LSO, watches all this from the top of the cliffs. He reaches into his back pocket, pulls out a little green book, scratches his head, and writes: (OK) LOX LOAW (DECIC) P RAMP STRIKE!!

As the curtain falls, Lynde is silhouetted against the early morning sky, still scratching his head, and the camera zooms back to reveal a blackened blot on the white cliffs of Dover. All that remains of Sweet Betsy and the good colonel is a smoky hole.

Too bad about the colonel. Guido, the gunner (and part-time religious fanatic), was right. The colonel, you see, thought these galloping, wheezing, snorting, inarticulate conglomerations of sheet metal, pulleys, and force vectors that we call aircraft have souls. They don't.

A good moral for the movies, you say, but what about real life?

Okay, Norman, real life:

You win the baseball pool, and with the money you buy the very best electric handsaw you can get. You love your new saw. You name it Bruce. Your slightly squirrely neighbor comes by to borrow your new saw. You've watched this cat try to shovel snow with a tile spade, so you follow him (surreptitiously) to make sure he doesn't bleed to death when he saws off his kneecap. You peer through his garage

window.

He plugs it in and waits a second or two as the saw comes up to speed. (So far so good.) You smile.

But suddenly he screams, "Come on, Bruce! Come on, Bruce baby! Attaboy, Brucie, you can do it." And tries to cut the bumper off his '49 Packard. By the time you get inside, little Bruce is a smoldering, toothless lump.

Real life is exactly what we're talking about. Airplanes are machines. They are different from people. They don't have hearts. They don't care if you live or die. They don't care if *they* live or die. They have ultimate tolerances and design limitations which are set forth by the immutable laws of metallurgy and physics; they are constant and irrevocable and will remain so regardless of how much you wail or plead or pat their instrument panels and call them "Baby."

Little Bruce tried to cut the bumper off that Packard just like Sweet Betsy tried to fly over that cliff. And they kept on trying. Bruce kept spitting sparks and teeth until there was nothing left. Betsy kept flying until shortly after her Plexiglas nose turret met that chalky white wall. Why? Not because they loved us. Because they were machines and had little control over the tasks their operators assigned them. They performed those tasks until those tasks destroyed them.

Phate? Nope. Physics in both cases.

What's it all mean, doctor?

Well, son, it means that the next time you figure you'll swagger out to the line and give old Betsy a swift preflight with the steel toe of your aviation sneakers and then take her up for a quick dash along the edges of the performance envelope, *stop!* Rub your eyes like a baby who just woke up, and take another look. That's really not old Betsy there. That's naval aviation lifting device number 152786. A really dumb machine. You can paint teeth and faces and names all over it and nothing really changes. It's still a mindless machine that knows only what you tell it — honest!

Anthropopathy kills.

"How come our planes always hit prize hybrid grain and never the inexpensive kind?"





Santa as seen by. . .



Medical Officer:

First we've got to get on a good diet and above all knock off these night hops.



Admin Officer:

Sorry about that, Nick, we're on port and starboard so no leave till after New Year's.



Maintenance Officer:

Sled runners, harness and struts we've got, but replacement reindeer parts . . .



The Plane Captain:

Everybody else has Christmas off, but no, I've got to stick around and polish this dumb sleigh.



The LSO:

OK, Santa baby, let's take it around one more time and this time do something about that red landing light.



His Wife:

How come you're never home for Christmas?



The Taxi Director:

Guide you into position, I'll do, give you a choice parking spot, I'll do, but clean up after 8 lousy reindeer—never.

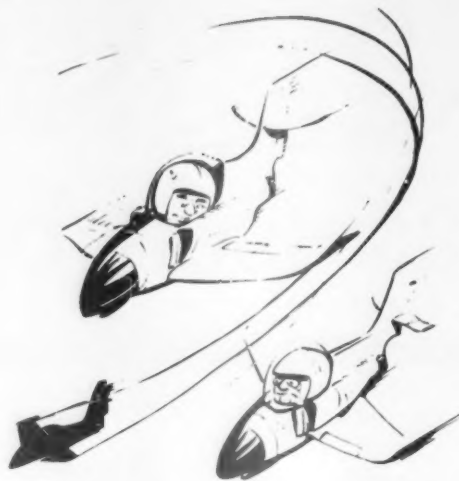
How SIERRA HOTEL* are you?

From JAN '75 APPROACH.

By LT R. Wilkes, VA-165

WE all know it takes a special type of person to walk in the door of Indoctrination Battalion at Pensacola and stick with it until he finds himself fighting to stay on the glide slope during a night CCA. This special quality comes under many names within the trade, but can be described as dash, daring, a desire to pit skills against greater challenges and be among the best.

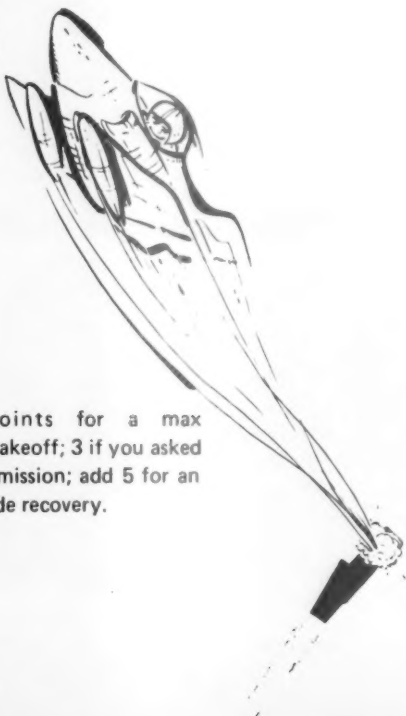
Then we come to a select group within this proud brotherhood who would be described as SIERRA HOTEL. In a community of tigers, the normal competitive urges are magnified, and there are those who wish to rise above the masses. So how SIERRA HOTEL are you? Take the following test and find out. Although it is slanted toward jets and carriers, with a little imagination, members of other aviation communities can make the correlation.



2. 15 points if you jumped a section of *Phantoms* or *Crusaders*; add 10 points if you won the fight (unless you were in an A-4 or A-6, then you get 2 points); add 10 more if you made a big thing about it.

+10

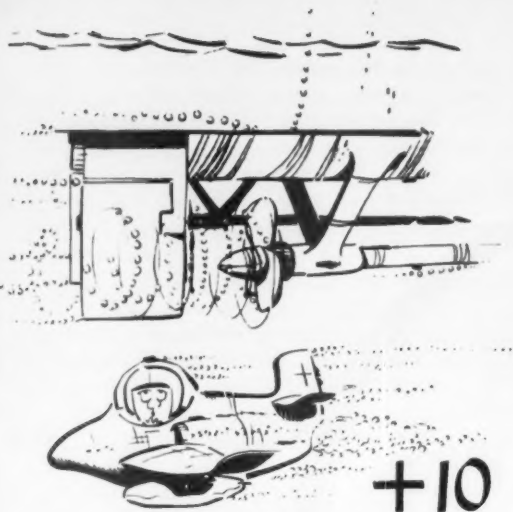
1. 10 points for a max performance takeoff; 3 if you asked tower for permission; add 5 for an unusual attitude recovery.



* SUPER HOT



3. 10 points for a rendezvous with 300 knots of closure speed; add 15 if you got both engines relit just as you slid into parade position; add 10 if you were rendezvousing on the skipper.



4. 5 points for a low pass abeam the ship; add 5 if you were lower than the flight deck; 10 points if you were so low nobody knew you did it.



7. 10 points if you wear a moustache; add 7 if your XO hates it; add 15 if the XO then decides to grow one of his own and you shave yours off.

5. 10 points for a 500-knot break; plus 5 if you had an accelerated stall; add 15 if you recovered and called it a tuck-under break; 5 more if anybody believed you.



6. 5 points if you were up late booming and still made your zero-dark-thirty brief; 5 more if you had a barf and a cigarette for breakfast; minus 15 if you had to catch it in your glove.

Rate Yourself

If you scored more than 100, you are really SIERRA HOTEL. You have people asking you to leave them your stereo and leather jacket when you smoke in. A flight violation beats no mail at all. If you scored between 75 and 100, you, too, are SIERRA HOTEL, but you manage to stay awake when the safety officer talks at AOMs. Between 50 and 75, you are probably a normal red-blooded JO who shows some pizzazz, but stays within the boundaries of good sense and professionalism. If you were between 25 and 50, you are probably a LCDR or above with a leak in your G-suit.

Watch it, though. Because if your score is too low, you just may be saddled with a squadron command.

You're probably wondering what all this means. Well, aside from the attempt at a little humor, there really is a valid test of how SIERRA HOTEL you are. How well do you perform the primary mission of your aircraft? For example, are you near the top of your squadron in CEP when you go to Fallon or Yuma? Are your carrier landings consistently outstanding? If you are an NFO, how well do you know your bombing/air intercept system? Do you score high on your NATOPS exams?

It is still important to fly with spirit and elan, and sharp breaks and flybys done in an authorized manner improve the morale of crewmembers and ground troops alike. But let's not blow it out of proportion. If you can bomb better than your Skipper, get OK-three wires all the time, and know your aircraft better than any other dude in the squadron, your reputation as a SIERRA HOTEL pilot or NFO has already been made. ◀



ELIMINATING the wife error

By Jackie Starmer

From DEC '69 APPROACH

EVERY Navy wife knows that keeping her everlovin' happy and content is her primary duty in life, and that any additional duties thrust upon her, such as bearer of babies, pumper of bicycle tires, and dispenser of meals, medicines, and money are strictly her own puddle of mud and fer gawd sakes don't splatter Hissel with family problems, particularly before he hits the blue. And if this were fact instead of wishful fancy, all aviation safety officers could retire to Peru and raise wart hogs.

Since it has long been the contention of aviation safety officers that preoccupation with family problems oftentimes causes upset aviators to bend or even bust their birds, which in turn causes everyone from the commander to the guard at the gate to get in a royal snit, it is obvious that something has to be done to eliminate the chain reaction resulting in "pilot error," or if you prefer the more honest term, "wife error."

And since it is impractical to abolish existing Navy marriages, and wives will innocently or otherwise continue to muddle up Hissel's mental state before, during, and after missions, it is suggested that a mandatory indoctrination course be held for the wives of all flying personnel, briefing them on the hazards of hubby's home life, with particular stress placed on the importance of *Twelve Hours Twixt Fight and Flight*. Naturally, this course should be taught by a highly qualified instructor — someone with years of intimate know-

he's shooting landings, and the high cholesterol content riles up his fatty tissues to a fare-thee-well, also particularly when these two evil forces collide in or around the old gump's pituitary, well . . . all hell breaks loose. And because of this slipshod oversight by safety manual writers, one airplane is AOCP for a year, the runway is undergoing extensive repairs, and a mangled S-2 tire now reposes in my living room as a plastic-covered hassock.

Aside from being responsible for the home menu hazards, there's no doubt that we wives are held accountable for the daily problems of marital bliss that mayhaps miff an aviator to the point of being a potential wing-buster. Contrary to popular opinion, Hissel does not become a snarling beast only when his flaps won't flap, or his rudder won't rudd, or he wasn't promoted when he by-gawd shoulda' been . . . no, these routine problems don't put our "sky kings" into an accident-prone mental state.

Actually, it's the little things that cause Hissel to come unglued . . . which is why a wife should always check the flight schedule before she indulges in an indignant account of why she turned the hose on the commanding officer's wife this morning, and just who does she think she is anyway! And say, did I mention that Junior stuffed a prune up his nose and don'cha know that he won't get that scuba diving scholarship since no one can scube with a maimed nostril, and that the bank should oughta hire bookkeepers who can add because we can't possibly be overdrawn *that* much.

And many a wife has been the cause of a feathered engine

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ledge and experience in creating these hazards . . . me, for instance.

Having been a veteran Navy bride for 17 years, I have been thoroughly orientated, indoctrinated, inoculated, and regulated in all things military . . . I wear white gloves through receiving lines; I demand crew rest after berthings; I medicate my family with the standard Navy prescription of APCs and orange juice for every ailment from vertigo to obese ear lobes; I have never driven a *Follow-Me* jeep into a parked aircraft; and above all, I keep a calling card tray near the front door — where it seldom collects anything but cigarette butts, box lunch can openers, and balls of rug fuzz. The important thing is, it's there.

It seems that in spite of this excellent Navy training and background, as a perfect wife, I ain't much. I found this out, thanks to the snide remarks of an aviation safety bohunk whom I shall bite in the neck at the first opportunity. Now, I'm actually aware that Hissel should go beanless before a mission, but how was I to know that rutabagas are lethal? There's not one word in the aviation safety manuals concerning rutabagas! It seems that rutabagas cause Hissel's gastric juices to overgast something fierce, particularly when

or, at the very least, a kinked relief tube, because of her unguarded reactions to Hissel's blue funks, which usually develop in every normal husband at two critical periods of the day — breakfast and dinner. Although the dinner hour at our house has all the serene atmosphere of the Dempsey-Firpo fight ("Git yer elbows off the table;" "Don't eat so fast;" "Clean yer plate;" "This kid will be eating with his fingers when he's 35 years old;" "Git the cat off yer lap . . ."). I would say that, of the two, the breakfast hour is the more critical period.

This is when, if we wives are to be instrumental in keeping the accident rate down, we must repress the overpowering urge to clout our roommates with their safety boots when the predawn conversation consists of, "And what cooking secret do you use to make these eggs taste like Ben Hur's old sandals?" . . . and/or "My, my, dear — you look about as sexy

as a stopped-up sink in that flannel pup tent." Husbandly remarks such as these are usually the signal to square off and have at it. But to ensure a tranquil premission mental state in your sky-jock, remember to say absolutely nothing. Indignant rage and revenge can be subtly expressed in other ways . . . possibly you can jam all the zippers on his flight suit or go retch on the seat of his *Rover*.

It goes without saying that family problems occurring during an extended cruise have caused more than one airplane driver to come nose to nose with an unexpected object — like a mountain. This is a period in his life when he must be spared all worries other than will he win at bingo tonight and how soon can he get an R & R to Waikiki.

Naturally, a long cruise is a bucket of worms to the wives left sitting on their hassocks, and unless Hissself pacifies the little woman with more letters than a once-a-week note (usually as romantic as the daily bulletin and as short as commissary hours), she will discard all efforts at morale building and manage to let him know that simply because he's 3000 miles away he needn't think that kids, mumps, fights, and bills don't exist fer heaven sakes. A pox on your mental state and what about mine!

Although many a cruise widow is blessed with a husband who, though he reads fairly well, doesn't write, and has often wished that her roving roommate was as prompt and eloquent in writing love notes as he is in filing his *per diem* voucher, it is suggested that she refrain from penning any epistle to her absentee aviator that might possibly result in violent chain reactions. Since crippled aircraft beget commanders' snits; snitted commanders beget the nervous dizzies in pilots; the nervous dizzies is what begot Hissself into this cottonpickin' mess in the first place, and all on account of I wrote him the following letter:

Dear Pen Pai:

Will answer your note of 3 weeks ago before I get dressed for work. Oh, yes, I've taken a job to occupy my time while you're away. The pay isn't much but ZOWIE!! is it interesting! I'm a BOQ Housemother, 8 p.m. to midnight shift.

By the way, did I tell you that our dog is at the Vet's? No, he isn't sick; he's under quarantine. He bit that Shore Patrol honcho — the same sorehead who gave me a speeding ticket and suspended my driver's license last week when I accidentally ran through a stop sign during the change of command in front of the Administration Building and plowed into a black car sporting a monogrammed flag the size of a bedsheet. No serious injuries, except to one fella . . . he looked sorta like the admiral, but it was hard to tell with all that dirt on him. Come to think of it, it just might've been. Oh well, whoever he is, he sure has a temper!

I won't bore you with the rest of the details — except to say that the damage to our car was slight. Four hundred dollars will fix it up as good as new . . . which reminds me, the last check I wrote seems to have bounced and I guess that's the reason your name was put on some kind of list.

In closing, let me reassure you that everything is under control here at home and no need for you to worry. Fly safe and keep in touch, pal.

Your everlovin' wife

P.S. Whaddya know! It was the admiral!

Like I say, something has to be done to eliminate the "wife errors" resulting in accidents. And it is the everlasting credit of one particular aviation safety officer that he tried to do his part in preserving the accident-free record of his outfit. However, because of his own devotion to duty in attempting to erase "wife errors," the poor bohunk was medically discharged with unusual injuries — neck bites! ◀

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A NAVY FLYER'S CREED

I am a United States Navy flyer.

My countrymen built the best airplane in the world and entrusted it to me.

They trained me to fly it.

I will use it to the absolute limit of my power.

With my fellow pilots, air crews, and deck crews, my plane and I will do anything necessary to carry out our tremendous responsibilities.

I will always remember we are part of an unbeatable combat team - the United States Navy.

When the going is fast and rough, I will not falter.

I will be uncompromising in every blow I strike.

I will be humble in victory.

I am a United States Navy flyer.

I have dedicated myself to my country, with its many millions of all races, colors, and creeds.

They and their way of life are worthy of my greatest protective effort.

I ask the help of God in making that effort great enough.



